The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XVI NO. 16 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1937 TEN CENTS A COPY

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by Ogden L. Mills

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

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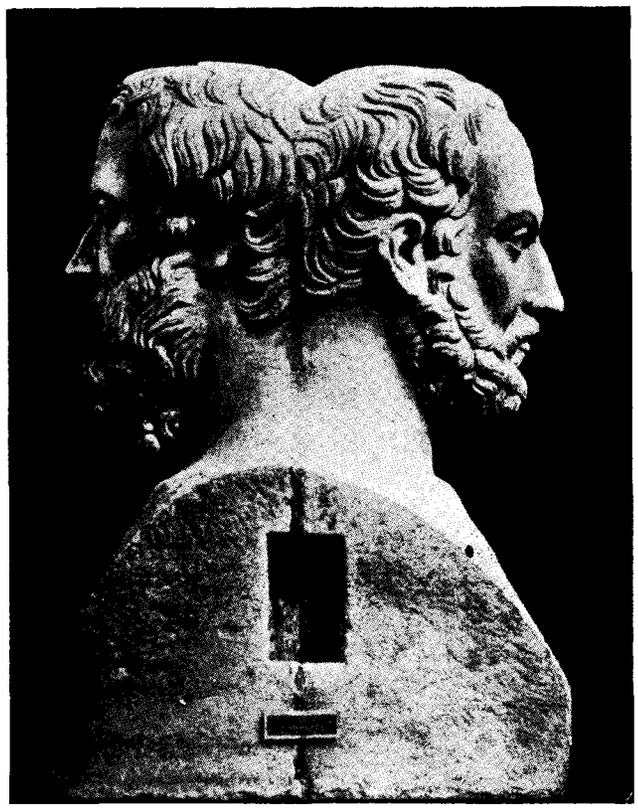
What Is History?

BY CRANE BRINTON

NOT so very long ago, most of us knew what to expect when we encountered the word history. We could count on an orderly narrative of the doings of kings and statesmen, soldiers and priests—a narration perhaps a bit pompous and oratorical, perhaps dramatic, perhaps gossipy, if done by someone not a professor; exact, conscientious, perhaps a bit dull, if done by a professor of history. But history has always had a wider and looser meaning, of late very wide and loose indeed. It is not, then, surprising to find that when Mr. Kenneth Burke* writes about "Attitudes towards History" he is writing about attitudes towards the Universe. History seems to mean to him the sum of all things, once the proper concern of theologians and philosophers. Mr. Burke would perhaps not repudiate the title of philosopher; he is certainly a literary critic of high rank, a discerning and widely read student of human cultures, an admirable stylist. His two slender volumes of reflections on man's fate, based on a Marxism so tolerant, so tentative that he must find it a bit uncomfortable, are more solid and nourishing than many of the longer and more pretentious philosophies of history now on the market. In particular, his book points very neatly the problem of the status of history at the present time.



HERODOTUS AND THUCYDIDES
From a bust in the Naples Museum.

For it is not only to Mr. Burke that history represents the sum of all things. One suspects that even that lay figure of sociological writing, the man in the street, would in a quite uncritical way feel that history can explain everything that can be explained. Indeed, it is quite likely that the last qualifying clause is superfluous. In spite of some superficial railing at the recent past, we are most of us such good children of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries that we believe a "rational" explanation of everything in terms of its historical antecedents is quite possible. History, in the special discipline of historical geology, can explain what once seemed miraculous—the existence of seashells on mountain tops. A miracle is, by a definition, an event which, though it occurs in historical time, has properly speaking no history. And, when we are in a reflective mood, we no longer believe in miracles. Even the fundamentalists seem to have accepted, as far as the present is concerned, a kind of moratorium on the miraculous.

Now there are all sorts of metaphysical problems implied in this belief that everything is understandable in terms of its history—a belief which professional philosophers have christened "historicism" and which, for professional reasons, they rather look down upon. But even quite intelligent men seem to get along on the belief that we may accept as given certain tools of thought—the "analytical" sciences, logic, mathematics, mechanics, and the like—which, operating on the raw material of history and experimentation, give us in the "historical" or "genetic" sciences, geology, biology, the social sciences, the only kind of knowledge worth having. (Experimentation itself is, of course, simply very recent history.)

History in this sense, however, is a very different thing from the lists of kings and battles, parliaments and laws most of us were brought up on. It is even more inclusive than "new" historians like the late James Harvey Robinson wished it to be. Indeed, as a social science, history becomes quite undistinguishable from sociology; it is concerned with everything men have done, since it seeks to explain everything men are doing—and would really like to predict everything they are going to do. You might perhaps devise a scheme in which "historians" work up and certify the facts, and "sociologists" arrange the facts in satisfactory patterns or theories. But the pride of historians would certainly not accept the position of mere hewers of wood and drawers of water. Whatever you called them, they would certainly indulge themselves in some theorizing on their own account.

Even among professional historians, the "new" history has already so far triumphed that almost everyone is working on social, economic, or intellectual history. You could do a Ph.D. in any reputable university on the history of fly-casting, or the dime novel, or the laundry industry in Periclean Athens. There is abroad a haunting feeling that "methodology" must be got straight. And preoccupation with methods is always a sign of a discipline in the throes of change. There is a great deal of talk about proper coöperation with such sister social sciences as economics, political science, jurisprudence. Symposia on the social sciences are all in fashion. Historians have collaborated fruitfully in the recently completed "Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences." The ancient feud between historians and sociologists still goes on, but

* *ATTITUDES TOWARDS HISTORY. By Kenneth Burke. New York: The New Republic. 1937. 2 vols. $2.*

Next Week

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY IN OLD FICTION
By HERBERT J. MULLER

PUBLIC MEDICAL SERVICES
By MICHAEL M. DAVIS
Reviewed by Ira S. Wile, M.D.

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deserters flit from one camp to another, and here and there *pourparlers* for peace are begun by the hopeful. The pursuits of literature are increasingly the pursuits of its history, especially of the history of its "low" or popular forms, and many an article in a Modern Language trade journal might just as well have appeared in a History trade journal.

To this vast widening of the scope and problems of history, individual historians have of course responded in very different ways, and no neat classification of their attitude is possible. The bulk of them have probably done what most men do when confronted with a novel situation—they have kept on as close as they could to the old track, modified their habits as little as possible. By temperament and training addicted to the amassing of facts, they have amassed facts about the exportation of salt beef from Ireland in the eighteenth century or the spread of contraceptive information in the nineteenth century instead of amassing facts about the meaning of *per legem terrae* in Magna Charta. They have written fatter textbooks in which Keats and Shelley get two lines to fifteen for Castlereagh and in which Francis Place appears as "the tailor of Charing Cross," where once they had omitted Keats, Shelley, and Place altogether. But they still keep most of the habits of the guild.

A few of the Old Guard have taken a decided—and apparently quite futile—stand against invading novelties. For them, history is still past politics, or else mere past nonsense. They sigh for the good old days of Ranke. They look with scorn on the inconclusive and undignified researches of the social historians. Like most ultra-conservatives, they are defending something perfectly definite—perhaps too definite for a loose world. The old history, partly from the very limitations of its subject matter, was a fixed and solid discipline, and the old historians members of a corporation with standing. Their science may not have got them very far, but it was a sound empirical science. Equipped with a rigorous technique for the sifting of evidence, with a knowledge of paleography, diplomatic, sphagistics (sigillography to the vulgar who don't mind Graeco-Latin compounds), the old historian could handle certain kinds of documents with the admirable security readers of mystery tales find in the somewhat analagous science of crime detection. As a matter of fact, these methods can and have been applied successfully to the kind of material confronting the social or the economic historian. Where they cannot be applied—or at least have not yet been consistently applied—is to the whole broad field of history as retrospective sociology, or if you prefer, to the philosophy of history.

Another wing of the guild of professional historians—an even smaller one than the Old Guard—has taken the full plunge into history as past everything, and emerged as full-fledged philosophers of history. Mr. Charles Beard in America and Mr. Arnold J. Toynbee in England are among the most distinguished of these. The wholly convinced Marxists, rare among professional historians in America, ought perhaps to be numbered among them, and there are of course great numbers who have ventured part way into the waters. And very alluring waters they are. For it is not quite true that emotionally—and emotions seem somehow still quite an important part of human life—we have given up miracles. We still hanker

KENNETH BURKE

after one supreme miracle—that of knowing what is going to happen. Marxism, of course, is one of the most fashionable of modern ventures into the miraculous. The Marxist knows as definitely as did any Hebrew prophet just how the future will work out. But there are plenty of less apocalyptic visions about. In particular, our generation seems greatly exercised over its place in the rhythm of history. Simple linear evolution, onwards and upwards without end, is now popular only in the last reaches of the intellectually unwashed. But there are all sorts of notions of a pulsation, a pendulum swing, a cyclical variation in history, and as many notions about our present location in these swings. Society, our prophets tell us, is moving from liberty to authority, from individualism to collectivism, from youth to old age, from skepticism to faith, from materialism to idealism, world without end. We are now where the Alexandrians were, or the later Romans, or the men of the fifteenth century. Most of the views are pessimistic, but the pessimists seem to be having a good time about it all.

Spengler ("The Decline of the West"), now rather out of fashion among the bright young men, had his spring, summer, autumn, winter cycle, and was very sure we Westerners were in February. Even Pareto ("The Mind and Society"), though the structure of his great sociology is soundly in the tradition of scientific thinking, could not resist the role of the prophet. His cyclical alternation of the lions and the foxes is a form of the authority-liberty pendulum, and he felt strongly that we are swinging from liberty to authority. But Pareto wisely never attempted to call the turn, and in him prophet and scientist can readily be separated by a little good will. Of Mr. Toynbee's thirteen projected volumes ("A Study of History") only three have yet appeared. His formula of challenge-and-response is a sophistication of Darwinian notions of evolution, and he too thinks we are in for authority, faith, collectivism, and a lot else un-Victorian. What might be called the Robinson-Beard school is less specific as to the exact beat of the rhythm, but in its recent forms is pretty sure that democracy must adapt itself to some form of collectivism. The latest of the philosophers of history, Mr. Sorokin ("Social and Cultural Dynamics") sees the unfolding of a complex series of pendulum beats from the Ideational to the Sensate and back to the Ideational. Again, these terms stand roughly for collectivism and individualism, and Mr. Sorokin is fierily convinced that we are at the end of a Sensate and the beginning of an Ideational phase. Mr. Burke, in this determined company, is modest and tentative indeed, and offers us nothing more grandiose than a "curve" of history, a "curve" which behaves dramatically, with plot, crisis, and resolution. He, too, sees collectivism in the offing.

For the skeptical onlooker, nothing is more amusing than the unanimity with which most of these philosophers of history condemn the efforts of their fellow players of the game as sloppy, unscientific, unsound, contradictory. Except for Pareto, most of them are very patronizing towards the natural sciences, though they are also convinced that they have solved the problem of thinking objectively about men in society. Notably Mr. Sorokin, after condemning as shocking samples of Sensate degeneracy what the nineteenth century called scientific methods, sprinkles his three volumes with graphs and tables in the traditional manner of the sociologist aping the physicist.

To condemn as useless all this expenditure of thought and feeling on history as past everything would be ungenerous. Most of these gentlemen have passages of genuine insight into problems that concern us all. And one may even join their company for a moment, and risk the gen-

(*Continued on page* 11)

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by The Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XVI, No. 16, August 14, 1937. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Full-Blooded Pastorale

THE SONG OF THE WORLD. By Jean Giono. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

WITH the exception of the work of Gide and Romains, this is the first novel that has come to us from France for several years, that has the marks of powerful originality. Giono's talent is new and it is distinguished. No sociology here, no ideology, no disillusion. This book is pastoral poetry in prose, with vital primitive people instead of shepherds, and a philosophy of beauty brought by pain instead of a moral.

The scene is a river in the French Basses-Alpes. The characters are half symbolic, like all primitive full-blooded creatures:—Antonio, called Golden-Month, the River Man, who can feel the ways of the trout, Sailor, who came back from the sea to be a Wood Man; Toussaint the healer, who is a philosopher of pain; and the red-haired twin who acts without the need of thinking. The twin is lost. He has run his raft of logs down the mountain river to the grass lands below the gorges. He has seen Gina, the daughter of the bull breeding Mandragus by the river, and stolen her, and killed the nephew who was to marry her. The River Man and Sailor his father go in search of him. They fight the herdsmen of Mandragus. They hide in the city with Toussaint and the red-haired twin and Gina, until the twin's revenge is complete. Antonio climbs to the mountain-crest funeral of the nephew of the Mandragus. They all but the murdered sailor make their escape after a great burning. Antonio discovers in the blind Clara senses delicate enough to arouse his own deep-watered intuitions. Pursued by enemies they go back to safety in the life they have bought in the mountains. It is the old theme of the raid, the women, the fire, the escape, worked out in fresh terms which owe much to the new faculty of realism, and much to the new sense of the truth of the body thinking.

I do not believe that this very beautiful and very stirring book will gain by a further description or analysis. Its story is vivid, but it will be read for quality not incident, and for its images rather than for its information about a France that has been left out of the novelist's account. Certainly it suggests no comparisons in this year's books, and can safely be left to find its sympathetic readers of which I have been one.

Russian Cyclorama

ONE LIFE, ONE KOPECK. By Walter Duranty. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

A GOOD book, but only pretty good, because it is not what it purports to be, which is a novel. The fact is that Mr. Duranty is too good a reporter to handle fiction. From page 1 to page 333 he has packed "One Life, One Kopeck" with accurately remembered detail, set down in beautiful order and with much economy both of words and effect. The whole vast scene of the explosion which turned out the Czars is presented in one sweeping picture, as it would have appeared to one of the minor actors, its effect heightened by thousands of incidents painstakingly observed from life—

> Rubinin was alone in the room, a small portly man of middle age, clean-shaven, with beefy face and fleshy nose. "Sit here," he said, throwing a pile of carpets from the sofa to the floor. . . . The man wedged the sugar between his yellow teeth, then tilted up the pannikin and sucked the tea in noisily.

These bits come so fast, the book is so well paced, men, women, and machines observed for a few moments behave so exactly like the men, women, machines we pass in incidental contact that not till the book is finished does one realize that the ensemble constitutes a *reportage*, a panorama from a train window, or better yet, one of those cycloramas popular as a means of visual information before the

WALTER DURANTY

"moom pichers." None of the characters have real existence; they are alive only when held for an instant in the searchlight, all high-light and shadow. The moment Mr. Duranty attempts modelling his colors fade, he escapes behind a screen of fascinating detail, relevant indeed to the Russian scene, but quite unrelated to those mysteries of the human mind which are supposed to be the proper concern of the novelist.

Or perhaps this is just good Marxist theory. "They are what life has made them," is quoted from the whiskery dyspeptic half a dozen times throughout the narrative, like a theme melody. In this sense the book is thoroughly objective; no excuses, no preaching, nothing but all the characters reacting to their economic environment as busily as so many molecules of silver in contact with H_2NO_3. Apparently it is this preoccupation that betrays the author into most of his faults as a novelist; leads him never to introduce a character without disposing of him through death or filing him away for later resurrection and disposal, like a letter in an office.

The method is valid in considering the movements of men in the mass, but the individual human life is not quite that consequential. In the effort to show that it is, Mr. Duranty has sugar-coated with an often tenuous and sometimes incredible adventure story (would a fifteen-year-old boy, even a talented one, read and understand "Das Kapital"?)—a sympathetic, a moving, a constantly exciting history of the Russian Revolution, which is all the better because he never once brings any great figure on the stage.

Fletcher Pratt is a journalist and historian whose "Hail Caesar" won much favorable commendation.

Sleep

BY WILLIAM EVERSON

THE mind drifts warmly, focused on farther dreams,
There comes over the eyes a vast immeasurable tide,
With no shore breaking, the lift of a darkening sea,
And the mind goes down to it gently, lapped in the lull.

Now from the sunken brain the freed flesh throbs the deep song,
The bone and the fibre hark the same music,
The blood pounds cleanly, pulsing wantonly through the slack and indolent limbs,
Loosed from the mind's hand, the nerve's dominance,
Sprung to the secret joy of release.

It comes to the eyes as a moving tide,
With no shore breaking, the lift of a darkening sea,
And the mind goes down to the depth and the silence,
The loose blood pounds the deep song.

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No Place for Communists

WORLD REVOLUTION 1917-1936. By C. L. R. James. New York: Pioneer Publishers. 1937. $3.50.

THE STALIN SCHOOL OF FALSIFICATION. By Leon Trotsky. The same. $2.50.

Reviewed by EUGENE LYONS

APROPOS the Red Army leaders and Old Bolsheviks recently put to death by the Soviet government, H. N. Brailsford remarks in the *New Republic* that "Russia is no place for communists." Startling as that may sound to people who, through mental inertia, continue to think of the Stalin regime as vaguely "communist," it is not even paradox—it is a simple statement of fact. Harold Denny, the *New York Times* correspondent, gives point to the fact in a recent dispatch. However communists may be treated in Germany and Italy, he writes, their life can scarcely be more hazardous than in Russia.

The process whereby the first communist state, founded by the Bolsheviks under Lenin, turned not only non-communist but militantly anti-communist (while retaining all the Leninesque labels and machinery) is recounted fully and on the whole convincingly in Mr. James's "World Revolution 1917-1936." Leon Trotsky's book, "The Stalin School of Falsification," tells a large portion of the same story in revealing close-up, through specific documents.

Taken together these books provide a most unlovely picture of human frailty and political greed. What we see is not primarily a conflict of views or basic disagreements as to methods, but rather the havoc wrought by the unleashing of rapacious appetites for power. Stalin, it appears, never had deep convictions of his own on anything except the control of party machinery; he adopted views that helped fortify his own power.

The cultural and economic backwardness of Russia, its historical conditioning by centuries of autocracy, help explain the success of the bureaucratic system with Stalin at its apex. But certainly those appetites for power are not peculiarly Russian. They may be expected to run riot whenever the collapse of an old social structure provides exceptional opportunities to indulge them. Any technique of revolution which does not safeguard the masses against their self-appointed "saviors" and "uplifters"—and that is something neither James nor Trotsky seems to recognize—is therefore doomed in advance to degenerate into a new variation on despotism.

The course of the Russian Revolution, and of its appendage, the Third or Communist International, amounts to the triumph of private charlatanism over social idealism. Dictatorship, whatever its initial impetus, is especially adapted to the purposes of the revolutionary racketeer. That term is none too rough for the Stalin that emerges from the pages of these two volumes. The most charitable evaluation of the man presents him as a hard, ruthless fanatic spilling blood to irrigate his cause. But the authors of these books are not charitable to him. The stark facts they record indicate that he had no cause, but was ever ready to purloin the programs of his opponents after having liquidated them. Just as in 1928 he took over the program of the Trotsky Opposition, so in 1937 he may conceivably take over the views of his latest victims; always he has reckoned as enemies those *against Stalin*, rather than those *against the revolution*.

Long before 1917, Plekhanov, in opposing Lenin's ideas of a "monolithic" party, wrote that "The ultimate end of all this will be that everything will revolve around a single man who, *ex providentia*, will concentrate all power in himself." Trotsky, likewise opposing party totalitarianism, had warned that "the organization of the party substitutes itself for the party, the Central Committee substitutes itself for the organization, and finally the dictator substitutes himself for the Central Committee." These words proved perhaps more grimly prophetic than the prophets had reckoned. Trotsky, indeed, forgot his own prophecy when he shared power with Lenin. While the "single man" foreseen by Plekhanov and the "dictator" foreseen by Trotsky was a man of genius and undiluted revolutionary honesty like Lenin, the danger was not so great. After Lenin's death, the victory went, inevitably, to the most astute political conniver, the least scrupulous and most ambitious racketeer. Only genuine control of the party by its rank-and-file, and genuine responsiveness of the party itself to the masses it pretended to represent, could have prevented this.

No one who presumes to speak or write on Russia can afford to overlook these two books.

Variorum Edition

THE WORKS OF EDMUND SPENSER. Edited by Edwin Greenlaw. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. 1936.

THE fifth volume of the Johns Hopkins Variorum Spenser, containing the fifth book of "The Færie Queene," has been produced under the special editorship of Professor Ray Heffner on a scale of accuracy and inclusiveness equal to that of its predecessors and with a punctuality still more remarkable. Publication of five volumes within four years and one month must come near to setting a record for coöperative enterprises of this grandiose character, and for this achievement the erudite, as well as the merely curious, reader owes a real debt to the Rockefeller Foundation and to Mrs. Greenlaw no less than to the singularly harmonious and able editors.

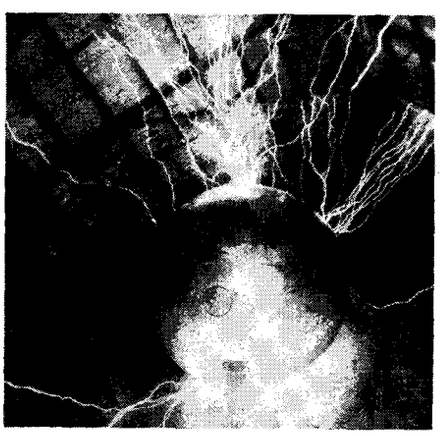
A Story on Every Page

THE WORLD AROUND US, A MODERN GUIDE TO PHYSICS. By Paul Karlson. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by E. C. KEMBLE

"WORTH reading, if only for the wise cracks!" reports our fourteen-year-old son and assistant reviewer. Truly this is the *ne plus ultra* of anthropomorphized physics. Here one finds all the mysteries of time, space, electricity, and atomic structure served up with a liberal dosage of the sauce of humor and human interest.

To the specialist in physics the numerous inaccuracies of detail and the lack of full coherence are somewhat disturbing. More serious is the misrepresentation of the scientific method. Here we see the physicist as parlor magician, pulling paradoxes out of his hat and coolly foisting them on an unsuspecting world. The reader catches numerous glimpses of the dramatic synthesis by the brilliant leader, but learns little of sci-



MODERN EXPERIMENT

ence as the vast international coöperative enterprise that it is, advancing normally by the slow and painful process of rigorous experiment, exact analysis, check, and cross check. Our only hope for the future seems to lie in an increasing application of the objective, open-minded methods of scientific inquiry to the analysis and administration of human affairs. As long as this is so, the investigator must regard such books of popular science as this with some misgiving.

Nevertheless, taking it for what it is, Dr. Karlson's book reveals a strong talent. He is clearly well equipped for his task with a broad knowledge of present-day physics, of its applications to industry, and of its historical background. The stream of bright chatter is often profound and probably will convey to the average reader as much of the truth as he is able to bear. Let the reader be warned that this is a bold, impressionistic picture of the world as the present-day physicist sees it, the details to be taken with the traditional grain of salt.

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Prometheus Is Born

THE HERO. By Lord Raglan. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

LORD RAGLAN'S book is a study of the origin and nature of the folk-hero, of Œdipus and Watu Gunung, of Perseus and Robin Hood. "The Hero" is well planned, packed with fact, and effectively written. It is attractive. One's pencil stabs the margins with notes of savage dissent or amused approval. Unexpected excitement possesses the mind, for these unfamiliar matters have a virulent infection. And before a man can say "Heliolithic culture," he is involved in an intellectual snake-dance or eating philosophical peyott. If it be the mark of a good writer to transform harmless seekers after information into truculent partisans, Lord Raglan is a very good writer indeed.

What he desires to prove in his interesting and diverting book is roughly as follows: The origin of the figure whom we call the folk-hero is not to be found in some far-off but actual man around whom legend has grown. The Hero springs from another source. He is the actor, the priest or the victim, or both, in a dramatic ritual. The idea of him is propagated by the repetition of the ritual act. One might almost say he is the act. A halo of explanatory myth forms about him and —Prometheus is born.

Any man of intelligence must, I think, be entertained and interested by Lord Raglan's defence of his thesis. It is more than a defence, for he carries the war into Africa where he makes trouble for lots of Hannibals. No one's guns are too heavy for him. And he fights Sir William Ridgeway or Mr. Walter Leaf with visible pleasure and fine impartiality. Nor is there any question that he has got hold of a thought-provoking idea. It may well be that many a folk-hero can be accounted for on Lord Raglan's principles. But that is as far as this reviewer can go. For it seems incontestable that although the theory will explain Heracles and his symbolic labors, it will not explain the Cid and the capture of Valencia.

A large part of the reviewer's misspent life has been taken up with heroes. Though he say it who should not, few men have lived more intimately with Roland, with Marko Kraljevich, with the great Campeador. Intuitions one way or the other as to the reality of these heroes are of little importance. But however shrouded by legend they may be, you cannot ignore the record. In the instance of each one of them there is a solid nucleus of historicity that not even the striking dialectical powers of Lord Raglan can eliminate. An actual Roland was killed in a pass in the Pyrenees in 778, and they were singing songs about him within a century. Why he captured imagination God knows. But Roland doesn't look to me like the actor in a ritual drama. An actual Marko Kraljevich died fighting for the Turks in 1394. And his doom in the ballads was to serve the oppressor. Why he became symbol and hope of the defeated, we are in no position to say. But Lord Raglan's theory does not help us much here. Dimly though the real Ruy Diaz of Bivar may appear between the thunderheads of legend, he is hardly more dim than his contemporary Godfrey of Bouillon. And I cannot feel that the facts of the case, such as they are, had nothing to do with the hero of the "Poema de Mio Cid" or the hero of "La Gerusalemme Liberata." Although Lord Raglan's thesis appears valid for the folk-heroes of the wars of Thebes and Troy which have no history, it won't wash for the folk-heroes of the war between Islam and Christendom which has a good deal. In short, I'm afraid we have here another example of the German professor's idea of tragedy, a beautiful theory seriously wounded if not actually killed by brutal facts.

We don't even know how folk-heroes come to be and we know still less why. For all our psychologizing we can't explain our interest in T. E. Lawrence any more than the man of Akkad could explain his interest in Gilgamesh. About all one can say is that a primitive element in us harks after the heroic. In some sort we are all Tibetan peasants dreaming of Gezar Khan, "to whom the implacable Himalayas are molehills." But why? why? Does it rid us of our weakness to project the fantasy of strength upon a figure perhaps not greatly stronger than ourselves? It may be so. At any rate it is the timid and the sedentary who consider decision and valor specially remarkable. They are the constructors of the heroic. They are the connoisseurs of courage. I forget who said that heroes are so numerous because there are so many cowards. We must have enough to go round.

We will leave it at that. The Hero is a necessity of our nature. We desire him as we desire beauty, and well-being and a reasonable universe. He's a kind of absolute and ultimate psychological fact. And I don't think ritual drama covers the question. Lord Raglan has told us a great deal about him, and we should be grateful for a book full of earnestness, learning, and humor. But Lord Raglan's hypothesis, ingenious as it is, reminds us that once there were Solar Myths—and an Andrew Lang that ate Max Müller alive. Nor should we forget that not so long ago we read, hypnotized by superlative learning and magnificent prose, the riddle of the Bough of Nenie. Are we perfectly sure, as we were then, that the enigma is solved? Corn spirits are off many points. Hanged Gods are a drug even in the market of poetry. We may be pardoned for thinking that the heart of the Hero's mystery remains unsolved.

ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD," BY HOWARD PYLE (SCRIBNERS).

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English '37

The Novelist and the Reader: VIII

FICTION is a heterogeneous art and its boundaries are so vague that no one has succeeded in defining them. It is not surprising that sometimes one or more of its constituents is stressed at the sacrifice of others, or that material beyond its boundaries, whatever they are, is sometimes forced into the form of fiction. Nearly any theme or subject matter, nearly any idea, however abstract, may be given illustrative force by asserting it as the experience of imaginary characters or by using it to explain such experience. The most modest talent suffices to cast a theory about planetary motion, the decline of the West, surplus value, or the toxicity of filtrable viruses in the form of a parable in which Gerald is the Noble Worker, Natalie the Spirit of Western Civilization, and the child Eloise the Aberrations in the Orbit of Neptune. (In fact, it is the most modest talent that undertakes such a job.) Our own time has been fecund in such fiction and pseudo-fiction. A year or so ago an academic scholar defined what he called the novel of revolt, and undertook to list the facts, force, and conditions against which the fiction of the Nineteen Twenties had rebelled. In three printed pages he moved from sweated labor in the pearl-button industry to the corruption of social movements by Epworth League *arrivistes*, by way of the venal commercialism of American geneticists and the counter-revolution against the conservation policy of Theodore Roosevelt. He then abandoned the effort as impossible to complete: the single idea of revolt had had more variations than he could list.

Many of the muckraking novels of the early Twenties were simple parables of the coarse business man and the sensitive artist; practically all the novels of the late proletarian movement were simple parables of the sensitive artist, solidarity, and the great red dawn to come. Many of the novels of all periods and movements are simple parables—for it is much easier to give ideas the form of fiction than it is to transmute what the mind and heart have learned about human experience into fiction that will have the validity of experience for the reader. But all novels, whether fables as elementary as the sermons of the "Gesta Romanorum" or masterpieces of psychological exploration, have to be set not only in the familiar sensory world which our descriptive passages undertook to supply but also in a frame of practical affairs. The experience of the characters is beset and conditioned by the ordinary operation of business, transportation, religion, medicine, politics, and a myriad of other forces and activities which impinge on everyone. And the exact manner of that besetting and conditioning is frequently of the greatest importance in the novel.

Every novelist must therefore more or less constantly supply information. If the life of John or Isabel is involved with the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Mercy Hospital, or the Toonerville Gadget Manufacturing Company, the reader will frequently need to know something about the ritual for the Burial of the Dead or the conduct of vestry meetings, the mechanism of the pathology laboratory or the routine problems of the delivery room, or the operation of belt conveyors and stamping presses. The Jack Harkaway type of novel is little more than a fictionized account of processes in the manufacture of steel or the daily life of the clam diggers, but in even the most wrought and involved novel which anywhere touches on clam digging or the steel industry information must be supplied and may sometimes be pivotal in the reader's understanding of the drama.

Fiction has moved past the loose technique which sanctioned expository essays or digests of information to which the reader, at his need, might refer the experience of the characters. We have space for only one kind of illustration, and it will be convenient to examine the specialized information with which historical fiction deals. A century ago Cooper could freely interleave his novels with long expositions of frontier life and economy, digests of climate and geography, summaries of history, analyses of military campaigns and critiques of strategy, treatises on scout-craft or piracy or navigation or absentee land-management, or philosophical discussions of democracy. Many of these interpolated passages are excellent in themselves: an editor could easily select from Cooper's novels an anthology on sea-fighting, frontier conditions, or the history of New York State which would have the authority of a source book. Furthermore, many of them are indispensable to an understanding of the novels. The action of "The Pioneers," for instance, is inexplicable and even absurd if you read it, as the modern reader usually does, without reading the historical commentary that accompanies it.

But, as we began this study by observing, the modern reader does in fact skip the interpolated information. We are now in a position to see that he skips it for a double reason: such passages are outside not inside the fiction, and they are inert, not dynamic.

Mary Johnston's novels, some three-quarters of a century later, contain a certain amount of such untransformed historical material, but the percentage is much smaller than in Cooper. Miss Johnston faced the same necessity of informing the reader about the historical forces and circumstances that bore on the lives of her characters, but the technique of fiction would no longer sanction her informing him in her own person and at her own convenience. She inserted little historical information in the pure state; she dramatized it in the form of behavior and emotion. She adopted the principle to which all of our inquiries have led us, but nevertheless the modern reader feels dissatisfied with much of her fiction, and the reason for his discomfort illuminates the whole problem of information.

Take Miss Johnston's "The Long Trail" whose principal subject is the Shenandoah Valley campaigns of Stonewall Jackson's army. She deals with those campaigns so minutely that the book is a dependable military history of them. Nevertheless it is a novel, and though she must constantly supply purely military information to the reader, she usually does so by recording events in the lives of her characters. There are two principal groups of these, a group of civilians behind the lines and a group of officers and soldiers in the army. In what happens to these people and in what they think and feel about it, in the "story" itself, we can follow the main lines of the military history. But she is not content with the main lines of that history, nor even with the now forbidden privilege of contriving to have one or more of her principal characters present on the scene of every important military action. She must get it all in—all the skirmishes, all the departments of the army, all the services of supply and reorganization and intelligence, all the facets of civilian life. So she employs a curiously free-floating device. Obedient to her principle of dramatization, she covers the whole battle or retreat with scenes of action and emotion, but she can do so only by dramatizing them in the persons of strangers. She moves from flank to flank and from front to rear not because

(*Continued on page* 12)

The Saturday Review
of Literature

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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Letters to the Editor: *The Novelist and His Characters*

Apostrophe to the Reader

SIR:—In the course of the extremely acute observations on the novelist's art, and his relations to the reader, which you have been presenting under the heading "English '37," there occurs a brief passage against which I feel called upon to protest, although my acquaintance with literature is as narrow as yours is wide, and although my critical insight is merely that of an amateur. You say:

"What makes uncomfortable such interpositions of the author as we mentioned last week is the fact that they call attention to the very function of the novelist which it is ordinarily his first care to disguise. An apostrophe on war by Thackeray in his own person brings him on the stage in robe and mask as a Chorus, and so reminds the reader that he has been in the flies all along and that Dobbin, Amelia, and Becky Sharp have, after all, been doing only what he made them do."

Now although, in the apostrophes on war in that wonderful Waterloo chapter of "Vanity Fair," Thackeray does speak in his own person, his doing so does not "remind" the reader of the author's part, thus breaking the illusion of reality, for the simple reason that from almost the very first page of the book Thackeray has been doing the same thing without concealment or apology. Doubtless it is "ordinarily" the first care of a novelist to disguise his function and avoid calling attention to it; but Thackeray habitually flaunts it in the reader's face. Whether there are other great masters of fiction of whom this is true, I cannot say; but in Thackeray it is so eminently the case that I think it must be regarded as an essential part of his consummate art. Its success is, of course, dependent on his getting so strong a hold on the reader's heart and mind that the very tones of his voice, so far from breaking the spell of the story, serve but to intensify its interest, and to deepen the sense of its reality.

FABIAN FRANKLIN.

Ridgefield, Conn.

The Novelist's Way

SIR:—A footnote to "English '37" on the relationship between the novelist and his characters. Harold Frederic ("The Damnation of Theron Ware") in his Preface to a Uniform Edition of his works (Scribners), London, Feb. 16, 1897: "In 'Seth's Brother's Wife' I had made the characters do just what I wanted them to do, and the notion that my will was not altogether supreme had occurred neither to them nor to me. The same had been true of 'In the Valley,' where indeed the people were so necessarily subordinated to the evolution of the story which they illustrated rather than shaped, that their personalities always remained shadowy in my own mind. But in 'The Lawton Girl,' to my surprise at first, and then to my interested delight, the people took matters into their own hands quite from the start. It seemed only by courtesy that I even presided over their meetings, and that my sanction was asked for their comings and goings. As one of many examples, I may cite the interview between Jessica and Horace in the latter's office. In my folly, I had prepared for her here a part of violent and embittered denunciation, full of scornful epithets and merciless jibes; to my discomfiture, she relented at the first sight of his gray hair and troubled mien, when I had brought her in, and would have none of my heroics whatever. Once reconciled to the posture of a spectator, I grew so interested in the doings of these people that I lost sight of a time-limit; they wandered along for two years, making the story in leisurely fashion as they went. At the end I did assert my authority, and kill Jessica—she who had not deserved or intended at all to die—but I see now more clearly than any one else that it was a false and cowardly thing to do."

JOHN T. STEWART.

Bonne Terre, Mo.

"LOOK AT HIM! AND THAT'S THE BOOK THE CRITICS COULDN'T LAY DOWN."

Help Wanted

SIR:—I am urgently in need of the information contained in a little tract (anonymous) translated from the French, titled "The Carthusians," 1902 (Orphous Press, Buckley Hall, Rochdale) for a work I am engaged in. Prolonged advertising by my bookseller in both the United States and England has brought no response. I was wondering if a reader of the *Saturday Review* who happens to own a copy would be so kind as to allow me the use of it for a few days. It will be most carefully guarded and promptly returned with my sincerest thanks.

(MISS) BROOKE OLIVER.

Lloyd Harbor,
Huntington, L. I.

A Talleyrand Caricature

SIR:—I think it interesting to point out that the drawing of Talleyrand printed on page 11 of the issue for July 24, and noted as "a French caricature," is actually the famous drawing by Daniel Maclise, which was included in the "Maclise Portrait Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters," published in book form in 1874 by Chatto and Windus, and reprinted by the same firm in 1883. Of the eighty-five portraits in the series, surely this one of Talleyrand is one of the greatest. This is what D. G. Rossetti wrote of it in the *Academy* for April 15, 1871: ". . . one picture stands out from the rest in mental power, and ranks Maclise as a great master of tragic satire. It is that which grimly shows us the senile torpor of Talleyrand, as he sits in after-dinner sleep between the spread board and the fire-place, surveyed from the mantel-shelf by the busts of all the soveriegns he had served . . . The picture is more than a satire; it might be called a diagram of Damnation; a ghastly historical verdict which becomes the image of man for ever. This is one of the few drawings which Maclise has signed with his nom-de-plume ('Alfred Croquis') at full length; and he had reason to be proud of it."

Maclise was a famous man in his day, and friend to its greatest English figures. He was born in 1811 and died in 1870. He was greatly versatile, and it seems to me that his fine gallery of drawings reflects his multifarious pleasure in life. His portrait drawings, shrewd, gay, merciless, or respectful, always had charm.

So far as I know, the Chatto reprint of 1883 is the last edition of Maclise's gallery. It has most readable accompanying text by William Bates. Might it not be time for a handsome and inexpensive reprint? The drawings are valuable from every point of view . . . subject matter and execution. I think almost every one of them could be reproduced by zinc etchings. This should interest a good publisher.

PAUL HORGAN.

Roswell, N. M.

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A Big Bill

EVE'S DOCTOR. By Signe Toksvig. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THIS novel is undeniably interesting at least for two-thirds of its length, but it is at once too long and too short—too long for the simple central situation, too short for the thematic cargo it is intended to convey. It is a book which should not have been written, but rewritten, and illustrates that inability richly to develop a set of characters which is the abiding curse of most contemporary fiction. The author perforce substitutes her own lively curiosity of mind for the process of character creation, being more interested in her themes than in her people. These themes are supposed to fuse together, and, in a sense, they do; but when it is learned that Miss Toksvig tries to develop simultaneously the relation of an attractive gynecologist to his wife and patients, the dearth of genuine intellectual liberty in the Irish Free State, and the hostility of the Catholic church towards gynecological practices favored by forward-looking physicians, it is clear that the three hundred pages of the story are crushed beneath the solemn weight of the themes.

SIGNE TOKSVIG

Miss Toksvig begins admirably. The experiences of a cultured woman under medical care are sensitively presented in the first portion of the book. But the characters, in place of growing richer as the novel unfolds, become thinner; and the final loss by the medical hero of the headship of his Irish hospital is so palpably forced by the thesis that the novelist can think of no more brilliant conclusion than to get him an excellent position in the United States. It is not thus that human dilemmas are resolved.

The difficulty lies partially in the uncertainty of the author's intent. Had she been sufficiently aroused and sure of her facts to write an exposé of Catholic control of Irish hospital practice, she might have produced a work which, like "The Jungle" or "L'Assommoir," was lifted into art by burning indignation. Had she confined herself to the psychological problem of the heroine's relation to the doctor, the doctor's wife, and the "other woman," she might have written an incisive novel of feminine psychology. By attempting both the novel accomplishes neither. The reader is no sooner aware of the heroine's problem than he is called away to contemplate the iniquities of fanatical priests and politically-minded surgeons.

The style wavers with the uncertainty of the intent. In the first third of the book the writing is excellent, but a kind of cultured refusal to grow indignant spoils later episodes which cry out for a more epic and denunciatory tone. This hesitancy is curiously revealed in dialogue, for the conversation is at first good, and later becomes merely hortatory. Miss Toksvig has uncovered material which might make really moving fiction, but it does not quite come off. She is in earnest, but the earnestness is gray and without ebullience.

Monstrous Beauty

LENA. By Roger Vercel. Translated by Warre B. Wells. New York: Random House. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

WE live in a world of violence, when blood is the argument; and M. Vercel has taken for his chosen theme violence and danger and their effects on the human soul, which (he finds) they sometimes degrade, sometimes ennoble, sometimes profoundly alter in ways not so easily pigeon-holed. In "Captain Conan," it will be remembered, he studied the situation of a soldier to whom the war had given a taste for violence which he was unable to satisfy in peace-time. In "Salvage," he portrayed the everyday, bread-and-butter heroism of men on an unromantic salvage tug. In these two books, the issue was clear and the answer definite; but in his latest and untranslated novel, "Sous le Pied de l'Archange," a study of a middle-class couple reduced by the depression to doing menial work on that most perilous of shores, the Norman coast under Mont-St. Michel, he takes a subtler and more complex view of the action of danger on the soul, as he does in "Lena."

The end of "Lena" is announced at the beginning, in an official report of the death of Lieutenant de Queslain, of the French army in Sofia in 1919, killed in a duel with an officer of the allied Serbian army. His second, who wrote the report, gives a proper official reason for the duel, and then the real reason, as it was given to him, Queslain, in a night-long conversation before his death. Queslain had been wounded and taken prisoner, and put in the care of a Bulgarian woman doctor, Lena Apostolova. Her childhood had been spent under Turkish domination, which, as she tells him, had familiarized her with death by torture when she was five years old; her education had been in Paris, where she sharpened and chilled her intelligence for the service of her country. She regards Queslain's sufferings with the contempt of a savage, while she treats him with the conscientiousness of a physician; their countries are at war, and her master passion is hatred for the enemies of her country; there seems to be between them nothing but hostility. And yet, from the beginning, one feels an undercurrent of something else, the something suggested by Racine's line, "J'aimais jusqu'à ses pleurs que je faisais couler." Between these two, who would not have looked at each other twice in peace, the very violence of the atmosphere brings about a kind of cruel love. This reaches its climax in an unforgettable scene in which, to save Queslain from her compatriots, Lena pretends that he is about to rape her, since that alone will make them safe from the looters, and in which he, the civilized Frenchman, is so carried away by the spirit of the sack that later, on the night before he dies, he must ask his friend whether he should accept himself as a murderer.

This, one feels, is a far more difficult study in the effects of war than "Captain Conan." Queslain has been brutalized, certainly, but has he not been exalted, too? Was there not, at least, such a heightening of the emotional pitch of his life as he would after all not have been without? It is a terrible story, but it has a monstrous beauty, like a fly-catching orchid; and M. Vercel gives it to you for what it is worth. You will not get from him any praise or blame or moral judgment, for he does not tell his story as a moralist, but with the merciless serenity of the artist.

Close-Ups of the Age

LITTLE CHILDREN. By William Saroyan. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1937. $2.50.

THE stories in this book cover a lot of ground, from General Grant's world-tour in 1877 to the author's uncle's corduroy pants, but nearly all of them manage eventually to introduce that favorite Saroyan character, the daring young Armenian from Fresno whose name is William Saroyan. In this tendency to wax autobiographical "Little Children" resembles its predecessors, but in other ways it is simpler and less deliberately cockeyed in its narrative approach. It contains seventeen items, more than half of them devoted to episodes of childhood or adolescence. Several are thoroughly characteristic examples of the author's skill, though the book as a whole is surprisingly light in tone. For Mr. Saroyan unexpectedly

WILLIAM SAROYAN

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proves that he can turn on the charm when writing about the younger generation; indeed, in "The Cat" he goes in definitely for whimsy—but whimsy so effortless and healthy that even the most confirmed Milne-haters could hardly object. This quality makes the new book considerably more palatable for the general public, however, than the first two collections of Saroyan works, though the author's ingrained irony always keeps it from becoming merely a softened or popularized sequel. Gone are the most insufferable moments of posing, the continuously overexpanded ego, and the author's annoying habit of brooding for brooding's sake. A certain amount of vitality is missing too, but on the whole these stories are remarkably effective, accomplishing their purpose with high efficiency, and giving us some unforgettable close-ups of the ungraceful age. Above all, they bear the mark of a personality unique in American writing, already an important influence in the short story field. Some doubts have been expressed about Mr. Saroyan's future development. If he does no more than go on writing like this, most of us will be quite glad he stopped picking grapes a few years ago and sent those pieces to *Story*.

How the Army Grew

THE UNITED STATES ARMY IN WAR AND PEACE. By Oliver L. Spaulding. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1937. $6.

Reviewed by MAJOR ELBRIDGE COLBY

WITH the appearance of this volume all previous books covering the history of the United States Army are straightway outclassed. Its author is a colonel of Field Artillery, educated at Michigan, of long and varied experience in the military service, widely known in army and civilian circles as a sound historian. The temperate manner of his presentation, the excellent balance and form of his work, the ease and skill with which he pictures military details against the broader background of political thought and national growth—all these place the volume instantly and indispensably upon the classic shelf.

Colonel Spaulding, restraining himself within the covers of a single volume, has done an excellent job. He has never got lost in inessentials. No detail of organization, armament, or tactics is so much as mentioned except in so far as it importantly affects the main trend of the narrative or pictures the thought and habit of the American people when they turned, in the progress and development of the United States, to the use of armed force.

The volume is not an argument, but a picture. Restraint is its chief characteristic. Clarity is its crown. We start with the colonial Americans, see the military opinions, practices, and prejudices they brought from Britain with them, note how the political conditions and the geographical features of the new world affected their attitude toward military force and the uses of military force in America. Not even the excellent and succinct presentation of war-time campaigns, adequately mapped and factually supported with essential appendix material, can blur the sense of growth and tradition. State policy, forms of recruitment, creep into the successive war narratives until we realize that the life of the army is the narrative itself, and the battles and campaigns are merely contemporaneous incidentals.

Concurrently with the exploration and political growth of the nation, with the economic creation of the United States as the nation stands today, the United States Army slowly grew and took shape. It had its economic problems, its political relations, its internal institutional history, all inextricably linked with the thought and the normal activity of the non-military citizen. This is the story, excellently presented with remarkable restraint, which Colonel Spaulding tells. He tells it with superior selective skill and a superlative sense of form. Such restraint as he shows in depicting records of great achievement is rare indeed.

A MILITIA DRILL OF ABOUT 1832
From James Truslow Adams's "A History of the United States" (Scribners).

What Is History?

(*Continued from page* 4)

eralization that their work is a symptom of a real social need of our time, a need for some faith more suitable to present conditions than the simple faith of our fathers in linear evolution. But the instinct which impels professional historians to distrust these grand synthetic efforts is probably a sound one. They cannot at present be philosophers of history without abandoning the hard-won gains of their predecessors in the field of what we may modestly call scientific method.

That there are nobler, and even more useful, forms of human activity than those to which the scientist devotes himself may be granted at once. Much of the superiority which such imaginative folks as philosophers, poets, and literary critics feel when they compare themselves with the unsoaring scientist no doubt has all sorts of justification. But there really isn't any need nowadays for them to nourish hatred and scorn towards the scientist. Your Herbert Spencers may have claimed arrogantly that save for science all is vanity. But the best of its practitioners have done no more than insist that their way of working is a perfectly definite one, not to be confused with theology, metaphysics, or with life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Science is modest, even though scientists aren't always modest. We cannot here attempt the enormous task of defining scientific methods. But for the purposes at hand we may insist that their application to the study of man in society must at present be very tentative and limited indeed. The old historians did succeed in applying them, but only because they refrained from attempting to explain the known by the unknown, and did not ask questions their consciences as scientists told them they couldn't answer. They did not seek in history the key to the riddle of the universe. Indeed, in the natural sciences the hunt for the key has long since been abandoned. Scientists know there is no key, and what is much more important, suspect there is no riddle. The hunt is no doubt good fun, but there seem to be, for the duty-loving historian, other and sterner jobs at hand.

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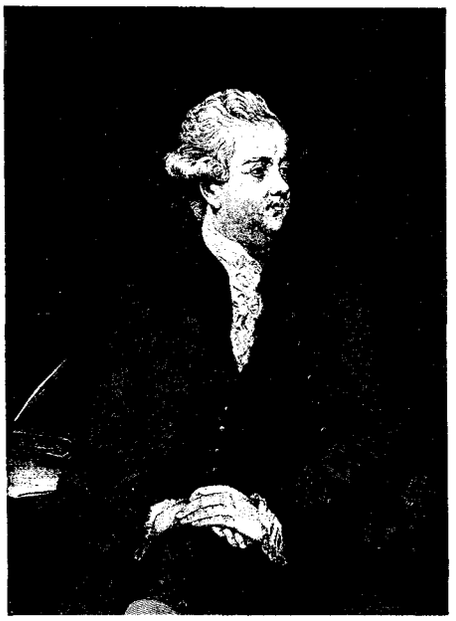
A Bicentenary

EDWARD GIBBON. 1737-1794. By D. M. Low. New York: Random House. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

PHYSICALLY he was an absurd figure. Less than five feet tall and of a disproportionate rotundity, he enlivened the comedy by dressing with the ornate lavishness of extreme foppery. He assumed on all occasions a military dignity which his anatomical inconsistencies reduced to mere fussiness. His incessant snuff-taking necessitated a constant gesture, the fat little arm flung about with the assurance and the haughtiness of a conquering monarch. And his face was the final joke (not in good taste, Madame du Deffand is unconvincingly reputed to have said)—two round protuberant cheeks which almost concealed in profile a pert, button-like nose, and a small, heavy, pursy mouth that opened in a little circle to emit a stream of learned anecdote and fashionable small-talk. Yet this was the man who wrote what is certainly the most masterly and the most universally readable history that English letters can boast.

Gibbon was born just two hundred years ago on April 27th, and Mr. Low has fittingly celebrated the anniversary by producing this biography which takes advantage of what further facts scholarship has recently been able to unearth. Many minor dates have been corrected or more carefully substantiated, the texts of important letters have been re-edited to their distinct improvement, and the famous affair with the future mother of Madame de Stael is given some novel points by the introduction of new materials. Mr. Low has kept his head throughout. He has developed the comic side of Gibbon's career without for a moment diminishing the grandeur of the historian's accomplishment. He has adhered to the spirit of the eighteenth century by allowing the story to generate its own elegant humor. He has not attempted to heighten it with the flippant wise-cracking of a later age. In his pages a shadowy replica of the social Gibbon minces and temporizes, takes his snuff and pays his elaborate compliments to grand ladies; and the great historian produces a book of which Mr. Low has many wise and pertinent things to say.



EDWARD GIBBON

But the real Gibbon, the Gibbon whose character was composed of a strange compound of vanity, learning, self-complacency, innocence, humility, and charm, was given to connoisseurs of self-portraiture some hundred and forty years ago when Lord Sheffield first published the "Autobiography." Such a book as this inevitably owes its major debt to Gibbon's own narrative, and timely as it is, it does not, and could not hope to, equal that subtle masterpiece which, in the style originally dedicated to Roman Emperors, holds imperishably all the littleness and all the greatness of its author's personality.

Women's Education

FATHER SHIPHERD'S MAGNA CHARTA. By Frances Juliette Hosford. Marshall Jones. 1937. $1.50.

THIS book is primarily the story of one hundred years of women's education at Oberlin College. But it is also the history of women's emancipation from traditions during the same century. When John Jay Shipherd, co-founder of the "Seminary," listed as one of its objects "the elevation of the female character by bringing within the reach of the misjudged and neglected sex, all the instructive privileges which hitherto have unreasonably distinguished the leading sex from theirs," he was, perhaps, promulgating a modern "magna charta," but he certainly never anticipated the world-ranging, vigorous ladies in the professions and business who are its graduates today. As Miss Hosford repeatedly points out, "What Shipherd did was to give women their chance and then attend to other things while they did what they could with that chance. What the women did was to make more of their opportunity than anyone expected." "In sentiment and tradition Oberlin was conservative from the first, and is to this day." Yet it was one of the first institutions to open its doors to Negroes, and it produced such personalities as Lucy Stone and Elizabeth Blackwell. Miss Hosford's style is delightful and often lively; penetrating philosophical comment is mixed with humorous description.

English '37

(*Continued from page* 8)

the lives of her characters require it, but merely in order to get the battle covered. The reader finds himself present at forays, charges, counter-charges and scouting expeditions which have no relation whatever to the experience of the characters—they have human participants, to be sure, but they are alien or even unidentified in the novel, mere surging items of Confederate valor. Or, fresh from a scene which is a proper part of the story, he finds himself transported across Virginia to a cabin and some people he has never seen before and will not see again, simply because the history requires a further exhibition of the gallantry and self-sacrifice of Confederate womanhood.

Such scenes are certainly, in our terms, movement, action, and drama, but they are singularly irritating to the reader. No contemporary historical novelist would use such a device. Even in "Gone With the Wind," the most naively written of the current Civil War novels, no historical information reaches the reader except such as is indispensable to the story itself and is carried naturally in the movement of the characters whose relations to one another compose the book. In Mr. Roberts's recent "Northwest Passage" an astonishing bulk of historical detail is conveyed, but every item of it bears directly on the action of the characters and is welded to the action itself. If we may say that between "The Pioneers" and "The Long Roll" fiction decided that historical information must be conveyed only as drama, it is clear that between "The Long Roll" and "Northwest Passage" it decided that historical information must be conveyed as relevant drama. To transform information into action is not enough; it must be further transformed till it is part of the essential action of the novel.

Thus broadly stated, the principle applies (allowing, of course, for the margin of toleration which we have sufficiently described) to the management of all information. Few novelists nowadays insert any kind of information in chunks and untransformed. Nearly everyone treats it as he treats description and analysis, as an accessory which he must somehow contrive to give the movement of fiction. But many a novelist fails to carry the process to the point where the reader will accept it without noticing it. Many a contrived scene has the characters discussing the manufacture of gadgets, the doctrine of personal immortality, the use of prontylin in scarlet fever, or the decay of capitalism—wholly for the information of the reader, as an aid to the understanding of the novel. There are few more irritating scenes in fiction, and what is wrong with them is simply that, though the information they convey has been cast in the form of fiction, it has not been fused with the story, it has not become a part of the essential fiction.

(*To be continued*)

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Trojan Horse

III. Portrait of Uncle Pan

CRESSIDA'S apartment is so modernist in furnishing, so classically simple in design, it might just as well be very ancient indeed. (The genuinely old is never incongruous; only things that are slightly old seem antiquated.) Broadcasting is lucrative: Cressida's father, the popular philosopher of the ether, has employed the most expensive interior decorators. A great window and balcony overlook the street.

The girl in the room is Antigone, extremely pretty, and in spite of that Cressida's great friend; one of the very few of Cressida's own gender. She is looking at a big hour-glass which stands on an antique carved chest; there are only a few grains of sand left to run; at that moment Pandarus, Cressida's uncle, is admitted.

Pandarus, let it be noted, was the brother of Cressida's mother, not of her father who has just committed an act of scandal, in a family where there has been already too much notoriety. Small, dapper, and cynical, Uncle Pan is in semi-formal Down Town dress: striped trousers, short black coat, waistcoat with white slip, wing collar. He is not much over fifty, with a neat well-trimmed beard, and a monocle. His mind is as wary and well-trimmed as his appearance; for half a century it has been figuring things out just a little quicker than other people; but it is also capable of real kindliness.

Gracious, Pan, Antigone exclaims: why does a banker have to look like a sexton?

We had a War Loan meeting, he says. Besides, a respectable financier should look as much as possible like a sexton, or a butler. They perform essentially the same functions for society.

(I don't know whether you notice it or not, but I detect in Uncle Pan's voice just the faintest touch of accent, of deliberated choice of words, which suggests that his family did not, originally, come from Troy.)

I was just waiting to get Ilium on the air, she says. It's almost time. She shows the hour-glass.

I don't trust those things. He consults his watch.

I can't remember whether Cressida put it on Daylight Saving, she continues.

How is she?

She seems all right. You know how she is, it's always hard to tell what she's really thinking about.

Hm. Just as well, I dare say. I wonder if you know what I'm thinking about?

Probably; and she opens a compartment in the antique chest, bringing out whiskey and a siphon.

I guess you know how it works, she says. Then, touching a switch at the other end of the chest: I've turned on the radio. You listen, I'll tell Cressida you're here.

Pandarus has evidently had a difficult afternoon, for he mixes the spirit and the soda in a proportion that suggests emphatic desideration. Then he decides, looking at it, that it's too strong, and pours it untouched into a bowl of flowers. While he is splashing another and much milder highball, a bugle call comes through on the air, followed by the Radio Voice:—

"This is Ilium speaking, the radio voice of the *Evening Trojan*. Well folks, tonight I've got some hot news for you. The Reverend Doctor Calchas, well known minister of the First Broadcast Temple, so long Troy's favorite kilocycling commentator, has hedged all bets and gone Greek in a big way. In other words, the Doc has quit and joined the enemy. He left a statement saying that economic pressure will force Troy to give in eventually and he prefers to be on the winning side while there's time. I don't know whether the Censor will like me to say that, but the radio voice always gives inside dope without fear or favor. Doctor Calchas' departure don't worry me much, but it's tough on his beautiful daughter Miss Cressida, socialite, who remains with us, and deserves our sympathy. Me personally, I think the Reverend did a nose dive at the wrong moment, for out on the battlefield today things looked upsy-daisy. Colonel Hector and his storm troops drove those Europeans back for big losses, and Lieutenant Troilus, who recently got his commission, made a brilliant debut in his baptism of fire. I guess those are mixed metaphors, friends, but I'm under pressure taking these bulletins right off the ticker. Stocks rose a couple of points on the exchange, which is a good sign, and at the War Loan meeting the tycoons were saying the bottom of the depression has been passed. With prices the way they are, away down in gamma, now's the time to buy, fix up the home, make repairs, and keep money in circulation. Advertising linage of the *Evening Trojan* is 15 per cent ahead of this month last year, though I admit the gain is mostly in the classified ads for Situations Wanted. While I'm talking to you, folks, they've handed me a slip of paper—thanks, chief, do you want to read it to them? Okay, I'll take it, just a moment till I see if I can read that script—say, this is swell, an interview with Cressida herself. She says she has every confidence in the Trojan cause, the heroism of our brave boys is sure to win. She says she'll attend the big patterotic service at the Palladium tomorrow. Folks, that's the old Junior League spirit! Another thing, the pacifist meeting of Cassandra and her T.L.D. this afternoon was broken up by the police. The authorities have been too good natured with that sort of thing, I'm glad they're tightening up. You know the T.L.D. stands for Trojan Liberal Demonstration, but some of the wits are saying it really means Take it Lying Down. I could make a crack about that, but my time's up. Read the *Evening Trojan* for News, Editorials, Features, Advertisements. Okay Asia Minor, 1185 B.C. Marches On!"

During this spiel Pandarus paces to and fro, drink in hand, listening attentively but unconsciously a trifle pompous. He puts his monocle in his eye as though it helps him to visualize the distant speaker. (When we get to know him better we may notice that the eye-glass is an unconscious index of his mood: when he is simply sincere and human he lets it drop and forgets it.) He shows signs of approval. At the end of the broadcast he turns off the radio, finishes his highball, puts whiskey and siphon back in the cabinet. Cressida comes in.

What frightful nonsense, she says; but amused rather than angry.—How dare they do that? I never gave any interview.

I gave it to them, my dear. Satisfactory, I think.

I suppose you know best. But really, all that patriotism and Junior League stuff, how that sort of thing bores me.

My dear, you can't afford to be bored by anything just now. Adverse publicity would be very unfortunate. If I hadn't been prompt I dare say they'd have raked up a lot of old gossip that would be annoying. Newspapers can do a great deal of mischief unless they're properly guided. As they say in their own jargon, we've got to play ball with them.

And I have to go to the Palladium stunt? I hate to be stared at. You know I haven't been going out at all.

Absolutely essential. This terrible news about your father puts us in a most difficult position. Here am I, one of the mainstays of the War Council, and my brother-in-law goes over to the enemy. My dear child, intelligent as you are, why didn't you warn me what he was going to do?

I hadn't the faintest idea. The only times Daddy was ever communicative and confidential was into the mike. If that

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was what he intended to do, you couldn't have stopped him.

I didn't mean that, remarks Uncle Pan, dropping his monocle.—I might have done it first. The economic situation is really impossible.

Well bless your old heart! You're really talking sense.

Yes, forgive me.—And he replaces his eyeglass.

It's all nonsense, she says; but again, not bitterly but tolerantly; her foremost quality is good-humored pliability; she instinctively follows the path of easy grade and likes to please everyone.—The men have even forgotten what they're fighting about. As for the women, when they see themselves in those new gas-masks of yours, they'll be horrified. Like a pack of police dogs. You ought to keep the women keen about the war if you want to make a success of it.

(It's characteristic of her, by the way, to assess the situation according to its reaction upon the sexes. The prime dichotomy is by no means unknown to her; she has been perhaps oversensitized in the matter by an earlier marriage which was not a success. The details of that affair are known only to the family, but apparently its conclusion was attended with various public comment, which has made her shy of publicity in all its forms. The casual negligence of Chaucer's allusions to an eroded romance are a model of literary tact. Not to attempt to explain what we know nothing about, oh an excellent rule for narrative. Blessed Chaucer, never afraid of humanity's two great interlocking privileges, beauty and absurdity.)

I hope you don't talk to other people the way you do to me, her uncle remarks.

No one ever does, you wicked old saint.

I admit, the beautiful women won't like the masks, but there are always more of the homely ones, and it gives them an advantage. However, we mustn't be satiric. There isn't time. . . .

(With evident reluctance he abbreviates. Part of his charm is the pleasure he has in hearing himself talk. Only too often he has to be his own best audience, relishing his own precise phrasing, and its faintly corrupt overtone of mischief or malice. But he can also listen with equal attention when anyone else talks well. He is greatly tempted at this moment to boast a little about the profit he is making in selling gas-masks to the government; and some other matters too; but refrains. He has many thoughts in the back of his mind; and keeps them there, where they belong.)

The immediate point, he continues, is this: I want you to change your clothes; right away.

Don't you like this dress? I put it on because I felt I needed cheering up, and I thought you'd stay to dinner.

I like it very well; you know my susceptibilities; but it's a little too cheery. I've arranged to have a feature writer come up to do an interview with you for tomorrow's paper.

Poor fellow, he probably leads a squalid life, he'd be pleased to see somebody in a pretty dress.

It isn't a fellow, it's what I believe they call a Sobbing Sister. If she finds you looking so lovely she'll be terribly sore. It's very important to make the correct impression.

Uncle Pan, I can't, I just can't. You know I'm not clever that way.

Don't be silly. That's fine, just as you are now: that look of dismay.

You'll have to stay and help me.

Much better see her alone, so she won't think you're being coached. Just remember: distress and bewilderment over renegade parent, renewed patriotic devotion, redden the eyes a little, and if you have any knitting? A pair of socks in your hands gives time to think before you answer.

But I don't know what to wear. I didn't know I was going to have a renegade parent. . . . Would the divorce dress do? It's all out of date now, the skirt ought to be shortened.

If she's a reporter she might remember it.

You know your women, don't you. Uncle Pan, this is awful.

I think the Junior League uniform. That's neat and modest and sufficiently militarist.

I gave that up, the Sam Browne belt gave me a big bruise. Most of those Junior League girls are so flat-chested. I had it altered for Antigone.

She's not flat-chested.

You've been using your monocle, I suppose. You know, the divorce dress was rather nice.

I suppose it has pleasant associations.

It was black, austere, but quite smart; the sort of thing the judge likes and makes people feel sorry for you. It rather corresponds, in the female wardrobe, to that outfit you're wearing.

Well, I'm glad someone feels sorry for me, I've got a lot on my mind. If you think the dress'll do, get into it, and have Antigone wear the uniform. Quick now, that lady may be here any minute.

It'll make dinner very late, says Cressida as she goes. Do you think I should ask her to stay?

What are you having?

Breast of wild hen.

Too symbolic. No, I wouldn't ask her.

It's not flat-chested anyhow.

If she gets here before you're ready, I'll tell her how terrible you feel.

He is meditatively looking into the cabinet when the telephone rings, to which he replies: Oh yes. This is her uncle. Will you come right up? Apartment 6-A.

He closes the door of the cabinet.

(To be continued)

A Proletarian Novel

THIS IS YOUR DAY. By Edward Newhouse. New York: Lee Furman. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. Rothman

IF anyone is going to write a good proletarian novel it must be a man like Edward Newhouse, not an intellectual convert but one who is neck-deep in the communist movement. There have been enough studies of the tortured liberal who comes upon his new mystic alliance with the masses like some ancient knight coming upon the holy grail. By comparison this report, issuing from the very heart of the battle instead of from its fringe, is doubly authentic.

We are concerned first of all with Gene Marsay, a Communist Party organizer sent out to a depression-ridden farm district for what may be called first line duty. Marsay's immediate assignment is to do just that kind of agile missionary work among the stubbornly individualistic farmers which will bind them together, make them an articulate unit for the battle against foreclosure, and, not least, leaven action with theory, communist theory. The way in which he takes hold introduces us intimately to those devices by means of which a minority party exerts influence—the leaflet, the canvass, the protest delegation, the mass meeting. Each of these is revealed in its truly explosive nature, when correctly, dramatically brought into play.

We are concerned also with Gene's brother-in-law, Harold Darvas. Darvas teaches history in New York, and flirts with communist theory, deriving a certain intellectual titillation from the notion that while he is presenting his classes with innocuous treaties and genealogies he is also, quite secretly, thinking Dangerous Thoughts. Perhaps he will write a great revolutionary thesis one day, an idea which compensates him for the fact that his department head has assigned him to spy upon the students' Current Events Club. Newhouse follows up this dualism closely, with a great deal of satirical analysis; we can observe in clearest cross-section those strange mental processes which permit Darvas to act upon one side of the fence while he sees himself, in some shadowy form, upon the other. It is a devastating portrait, entirely successful. So successful, indeed, that we look again at Marsay and discover that we don't know him half so well. We know his philosophy, and his work, but Marsay himself is a dim figure. Is it because Newhouse dislikes Darvas so, that he can offer him to us so much more completely? This much seems clear: that proletarian writing has thus far been at its weakest in creating men who can embody its principles and yet remain real. The book that does that is the proletarian novel we are waiting for.

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Reviewing Reviews

"Northwest Passage" by Kenneth Roberts

THERE is no argument among the reviewers that "Northwest Passage" is first-rate historical fiction. But opinions differ when it comes to a choice between Part I, which ran in *The Saturday Evening Post* as "Rogers' Rangers," and Part II, which first appeared in the published volume. Part I (pp. 1-341) carries the story through the French and Indian War; Part II (pp. 342-709), from which the book takes its title, concerns the attempt to find a route to the Pacific. You may recall that Bernard De Voto, reviewing "Northwest Passage" for the *SRL*, plumped hard for Part II: "The first half of the novel deals with the raid of Rogers' Rangers on St. Francis and the return through early winter and without provisions across northern Vermont to the Connecticut. . . . The story is well fitted to Mr. Roberts's hand, and he tells it with the dash and gusto of his earlier books. But there is an important change when . . . Mr. Roberts turns to Rogers's ambition to discover the Northwest Passage. . . . The hunger and desire of the nation just about to break westward into the untrodden lands, the tangle of cupidities and venalities and stupidities that in great part conditioned them—they are in 'Northwest Passage' as they have not been in our fiction before. . . . In short, the second half of 'Northwest Passage' is not only a good story, it moves on a plane of understanding and perception that only the best kind of historical fiction achieves."

Leading off for the opposition, which seems to be in a considerable majority, we find Allan Nevins, in the *Herald Tribune Books*, writing that the first part is "a story that keeps the reader in breathless suspense. . . . But of the second and larger half of the book we cannot speak so highly. . . . The real defects of the second half . . . lie in the disjointed narrative and the inadequate backgrounds. As the narrative swings from the fashionable world and Cabinet Ministers of London to the Minnesota Indians and back again to Fleet Prison in London it becomes unconvincing. . . . In brief, this book, like Robert Rogers himself, is a compound of masterly qualities and of limitations."

"As for your correspondent," writes Clifton Fadiman in *The New Yorker*, "he thinks its first 341 pages absolute tops in the way of straight adventure narrative, and its last 368 pages pretty wobbly and disorganized. . . . Perhaps the first section is successful because it's about a success; and the second section unsuccessful because it's about a failure." "The first half of 'Northwest Passage,'" says *News-Week*, "is the best: a straight narrative of the trek to St. Francis, as packed with action and suspense as a pulp story. The second part is confused and foggy, cluttered with too many people and too much detail."

Lewis Gannett in the *New York Herald Tribune* prefers Part I—"worthy of comparison with Cooper or with Dumas, even if occasionally it reminds you more of the late George Alfred Henty." He calls Part II an "anticlimax," but says, "that dream of the Northwest Passage again strikes a singing wilderness note." Ralph Thompson in the *New York Times* also awards the palm to Part I—"not that Book II isn't completely readable."

Some of the reviewers seem to feel that comparisons are necessary. *Time*, for instance, says: "Readers will find 'Northwest Passage' is as historically accurate as painstaking research could make it. But whether they will consider its author the best U. S. historical novelist is another matter. Author Roberts' contemporaries, though they may rate him higher than Walter Edmonds ('Rome Haul'), or Margaret Mitchell ('Gone With the Wind'), will not give him a majority vote over James Boyd ('Drums,' 'Marching On,' 'Long Hunt.')." *Time's* reviewer is alone both in his prophetic confidence and in his reference to James Boyd. Most of the reviewers compare "Northwest Passage" with "Gone With the Wind" and "Anthony Adverse," and the comparisons are usually on the basis of popularity, expected or hoped for, rather than of quality. An exception is recorded in the case of *The St. Louis Star-Times*, which goes into the matter at length: "While superior in every way to Hervey Allen's 'Anthony Adverse,' Roberts' books have not enjoyed a similar success. That is, they haven't spread among the reading public like wildfire. The two authors' books are equally romantic in tone, telling stories equally adventuresome. And where 'Anthony Adverse' is diffuse and fails to communicate a vivid idea of the times and places it touches, Roberts' chronicles are pointed, and rich in detail. What makes a 'best seller' is beyond any one's knowing. Perhaps those philosophical overtones, said to have been implicit throughout 'Anthony Adverse,' spelled the difference. . . . Roberts is content to set his scene, start his action, and let his reader travel without digression."

Sterling North in the *Chicago Daily News* has no doubts as to what makes a best seller: "If 'Northwest Passage' does not top the best-seller lists within three weeks your literary correspondent will eat a copy at the corner of State and Madison. One does not need any special powers of divination to make such a prediction. One needs only to note that every tried and true device for entrancing the modern reader of historical fiction is here in liberal measure; that the 'lost cause' pathos which lent such glamour to 'Gone With the Wind,' the accurate and painstaking period reconstruction which marks the Walter D. Edmonds novels, the buffetings of fate which caught the public fancy in 'Anthony Adverse' are all exploited in this lively narrative." "As far as sheer readability is concerned," says the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, "it belongs on the same shelf with 'Anthony Adverse' and 'Gone With the Wind.'"

A few of the reviewers admired "Northwest Passage" more as fiction than as history. Ralph Thompson, quoted above, wrote: "The least plausible way of rewriting history is to rewrite it in fictional form." And Clifton Fadiman: "The book will have a big sale and give people a great deal of pleasure. It would have had just as big a sale and given a purer pleasure if Mr. Roberts had confined himself to his proper job—which is that of tale-teller—and not tried so hard to be a historian, a propagandist, and a delineator of character." But according to R. L. Duffus in the *Times Book Review*, "Mr. Roberts can qualify as a historian as well as a novelist. . . . It is safe to say that any specialist in any historical field may pick flaws in the work of any other specialist in the same field. It is also safe to say that we may trust Mr. Roberts not to mislead us out of carelessness or lack of pains, and that on the whole the thing could have happened as he relates it." "It is vivid, living history," says *The New Republic*, in a review which includes one sentence which this department would like to hear discussed by Rachel Field, Gladys Hasty Carroll, Robert P. Tristram Coffin, and Lincoln Colcord. "He [Kenneth Roberts] still lives in Maine, but it is courage and integrity rather than D.A.R. qualities that mark the hero in his newer historical romances."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 176)

HORACE—
"INVITATION TO MAECENAS."

Not mine when masts are groaning in fierce Afric gales to have recourse to piteous prayers and strike a compact with the gods that all my Cyprian and my Tyrian wares shall not add riches to the devouring sea!

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A Woman Leader

THE GREATEST AMERICAN WOMAN. —LUCRETIA MOTT. By Lloyd C. M. Hare. American Historical Society. 1937.

Reviewed by DOROTHY STRAUS

IT is a strange thing that a person so important in United States history as Lucretia Coffin Mott has escaped almost completely the interest of biographers. Aside from the full and satisfactory if somewhat lengthy biography of James and Lucretia Mott prepared in 1884 by their granddaughter Anne Davis Hallowell, this great lady has been completely ignored except by historians of the Women's Suffrage Movement or compilers of encyclopedias.

Born of one of the important families of the amazing island of Nantucket in 1793, she lived to see in 1880 the enormous changes brought about not only by the invention of machinery but the Civil War and the abolition of slavery. Some of these changes were indeed initiated by her and it was her vision, her persistence and courage that contributed heavily to their ultimate realization. The growth of Hicksite Quakerism, abolition, the emancipation of "females," the peace movement, owed an incalculable debt to the "charming" "little" lady whose keen mind, appealing manners, and magnetic voice were the constant subject of comment by critics and enemies as well as friends and admirers. The mother of six children, she combined the management of a "station" in the "underground railway" for runaway slaves with the maintenance of a large and complicated household. One of the most engaging pictures of her is that of her rising from a dinner table surrounded not only by a numerous family but many of the best and most liberal spirits of the United States and Europe to finish the family ironing or dry some of the dinner dishes brought back into the dining room for that purpose.

It is a pity that Mr. Hare's biography is in some respects so inadequate to its subject. The product of careful, if not original research, this book first published as a series of articles in *Americana,* exhibits a curious lack of literary craftsmanship. It is bad enough to be confronted with such a phrase as "the fearful mind must wither upon the bosom of Neptune's kingdom," but it is almost unendurable to find repeated examples of misused words "Wrenched James in anguish," "Performed her gift," etc.

The author's excessive enthusiasm for "the woman," as he with annoying frequency calls Mrs. Mott, and his lack of psychological penetration, prevent him from presenting a rounded picture of a human being, though he elaborates her historical background. Temper she surely had, and humor; he admits her interest in beauty was "intellectual" and it is known she had none in science. But these and other traits were a part of an essentially potent and spiritually robust personality. To omit discussion of them is to make a Romney out of a Holbein. In the Hallowell biography there is quoted a brief appraisal of Lucretia Mott by a discerning friend that in a page and a half gives a more vivid picture of a vibrant, balanced, effective woman than Mr. Hare does in his 307 pages. "She has more knowledge than learning, and yet more wisdom than knowledge." A superb appraisal of a great person in no way equaled by the instant work.

Too Many Orchids in the Budget

RECAPTURE THE MOON. By Sylvia Thompson. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS J. HALLE

IF William Hogarth had been Sylvia Thompson he might have called his "Rake's Progress" "Recapture the Moon" and tacked on a happy ending to suit. Miss Thompson's long novel of the post-war international set deals with characters such as Hogarth would have delighted to castigate, but in the eyes of the present author they become prince-charmings and fairy princesses adrift in the bad world their fathers have created, with nothing but their fathers' wealth to live by. One should feel sorry for them, but one doesn't. It is hard to pity young men constrained to spending their lives in a round of gayety between New York, London, Paris, and the Riviera, traveling with their own admirable chefs, and with their own pale green sheets, if that happens to be the color they wake up best in. It is hard to care.

The villains of the piece are the older-generation armament kings, Lord Cable of London and Philippe Scheurer of Paris, who brought about the war to further their selfish interests and thus made such a mess of the world for their children to live in. Scion Louis Scheurer, in his disillusion, becomes chief of a gang of international playboys and playgirls, known as the *Galère,* whose exploits are the talk of two continents. But he has invincible charm, and his conversation is of a brilliance and wittiness for which we have the author's word. He is the only character who feels deeply for the plight of humanity, but somehow it is more important that he have two fresh green orchids every day for his lapel. Scion Peter Cable, after a year in Parliament, becomes disillusioned with politics and succumbs to opium and Louis's charms instead. Bianca, a widowed war-bride and niece of Lord Cable, plunges into the life of the *Galère* after a prolonged period of mourning. Charmian Cable runs off with an elderly musician. Marthe Scheurer takes to marriage. The elders fret, but they are suffering a just retribution. When things have gone on like this for some four hundred pages and the reader, as well as the characters, is beginning to find the life tiresome, Louis and Bianca suddenly, if not very convincingly, recapture the moon. They rediscover true love and the faith in it they had lost.

Miss Thompson writes with the fluency of long experience, and except for its length she commits no technical errors. But characters must have some weight to justify a novelist in taking them seriously. P. G. Wodehouse's approach would have been better.

AUGUST HIGH SPOTS

Says the N. Y. Times: "Neil Gunn can make a salmon poaching expedition as exciting as a raid on a machine gun nest in Flanders. No Scotch writer of the moment is producing a body of work so likely to wear well." Recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club. $2.50.

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By Ruth Feiner

The recent Premier of France, with engaging Gallic charm and wit, questions our present-day marriages, and asks why the young women shouldn't be allowed to "sow their wild oats," too. The book contains much food for thought, and makes some startling suggestions. $2.50.

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By Leon Blum

REVIEWERS abroad are calling this novel the English "It Can't Happen Here." It fascinates not only because it contains some remarkably imaginative writing—it fascinates because you realize that WAR is right now over the horizon. $2.50.

WAR ON SATURDAY WEEK
By Ruth Adam

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

PRIMITIVISM AND DECADENCE; A Study of American Experimental Poetry. By Yvor Winters. Arrow Editions. 1937. $2.50.

Mr. Winters's book consists of five more or less related essays in which he tries to establish certain standards, particularly technical standards, for the evaluation of poetry. He writes about the Morality of Poetry, the Experimental School, Poetic Convention, Primitivism and Decadence, and the Influence of Meter on Poetic Convention. He has evidently thought about his subject carefully and at length, and his reputation as a poet and critic makes what he has to say worth serious consideration.

Mr. Winters says much that is interesting, challenging, and occasionally illuminating. But the chief difficulty with his book is that it is a collection of individual remarks rather than a rational sequence of thought. Even within the form of the individual essays there is, under an almost pedandically apparent order, a lack of logical progression that is frequently bewildering. Ideas are stated, and though they may have an essential connection with Mr. Winters's argument, they are not developed, or related to other essential ideas. Mr. Winters talks about morality in poetry—that most difficult of all critical questions;—he speaks of its connection with technique; but he never explains what that connection is. Again and again there are seemingly very odd statements made with a good deal of pontificial authority which need to be developed before they are convincing: and Mr. Winters does not develop them.

The main impression one has of this book is that it is written from a kind of critical vacuum; it has no relation to critical tradition; it looks at literature as if literature had never been looked at before. There is hardly a page of this book which could not be made the subject of almost indefinite discussion. For that reason it is a stimulating performance, and for the same reason a review as brief as this is obviously unfair. But for one who, like the present writer, disagrees with much that Mr. Winters says, it would have been more satisfactory, for purposes of argument, if Mr. Winters had arranged his challenging comments in a more developed and integrated form, and had seen more clearly the "interinanimation" of his ideas.

T. S.

Critical Works of OSCAR W. FIRKINS

"The architectural neatness of Oscar Firkins's prose housed some of the most effective criticism ever written in this country."—James Gray in the *Saturday Review*.

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Biography

HAIG. By Duff Cooper. Doubleday, Doran. 1936. $4.

This biography is based on Haig's own diary, from which copious extracts are quoted. Incidentally Mr. Duff Cooper is the first to have access to this source material including letters, official records, etc., contained in thirty-six folio volumes. Consequently there was reason to anticipate in this book the answer to many puzzling questions concerning the fighting of 1917 on the British front. The result is not altogether satisfying.

No admission of error was ever made by Haig following the 1917 tragedy of Passchendaele that Foch called "a duck's march through the inundations to Ostend and Zeebrugge," and Mr. Duff Cooper sees fit to defend Haig's course though he admits that the offensive may have been prolonged unreasonably. Haig's virtues and ability were so great that the avowal of error in this instance would better serve the cause of historical truth than to gloss over the unfortunate battle for the sake of loyalty to one's protagonist.

In contrast with Lloyd George's mordant commentary concerning Passchendaele, Mr. Duff Cooper's observations on the prime minister's unpardonable act in placing Haig, a field marshal under Nivelle, a foreign general, junior in rank, are notably restrained. He is equally moderate when he describes Lloyd George's dangerous policy of retaining large forces in England during the final year of the war while Haig was displaying a vision, strength of character, and military skill that entitle him to a place among the great commanders of history. If Haig had been obstinate in 1917, he was resolute in 1918. For curiously enough, the same quality that was instrumental in winning the war in 1918 had made his generalship of lesser worth in 1917.

The author sums up his estimate of Haig with the words: "Haig was as good a general as it is possible for a man without genius ever to become."

Lt.-Col. D. A.

ON GILBERT HEAD. By Elizabeth Etnier. Little, Brown (Atlantic Monthly Press). 1937. $2.50.

Mrs. Etnier's motive in writing was simple and sound: she found life so exciting that she couldn't bear to let it go unrecorded. She and her husband were cruising along the Maine coast in September, 1934, when they suddenly decided to buy the seaward half of Long Island, near Fort Popham at the mouth of the Kennebec, and settle down. There was a big old house there and nothing else. The two of them pitch in with all the casual gusto of children playing house. But the job isn't child's play. Vicious tides rush by that island, and every wind that blows has a shot at it. After lightering lumber for half a day they see they are going to need a dock; after lugging it up the rocky headland on which their house stands, they add a cable railway. It is all like that, impromptu, a shade scatterbrained, charming. Those two feel like creators, and with reason. Each year they stay until winter blows them off the island. Last fall they added a final touch to their home, a baby; and stayed on as usual until the first blizzard struck.

Mrs. Etnier writes of all these matters as simply and directly and unaffectedly as if they had happened to somebody else. That is a feat in itself. At one time she says that her husband, goading her on to further work on "the book," told her he had once expected her to write "about six novels." We hope that when he sees this record he helped to make he will be content. It would be more than enough if Mrs. Etnier just went on living and telling us about it.

K. P. K.

A SAGA OF THE SEAS. By Philip B. McDonald. Wilson-Erickson. 1937. $3.

Cyrus W. Field's submarine cable was the first effort at transoceanic communication by any other means than physical travel, and his Manhattan Railroad was the first at handling city traffic by any other means than hiring a horse. He retired from business at 33 for a life of travel and self-improvement, yet when he died forty years later, he was bravely starting out to make his fifth fortune after having won and lost four. Within a single month he received a civic welcome and hisses in the street. Ten years after making a composition with the creditors of a bankrupt firm in which he had held a junior partnership, he paid the entire debts of the firm with interest that came to more than the original debt; yet he ruthlessly squashed competitors. He had a long series of other qualifications, adding up to quite a startling and dramatic personality.

One would hardly suspect it from this book, a nineteenth-century type of biography, careful, well-documented, written painlessly, but cold, correct, and stiff as a waxwork. Nothing seems to be omitted, and there are even flashes of prescience as when the secret of both Field's strength and his weakness is found in the fact that he "tended to over-simplify problems and to underestimate troubles." On the other hand, nothing has been emphasized; and the result is that the book is chiefly valuable as source material.

F. P.

JOHN L. LEWIS, LEADER OF LABOR. By Cecil Carnes. New York: Robert Speller. 1936. $2.50.

This book seems to us more a caricature than a picture of Lewis. It is a dra-

(*Continued on page* 20)

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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

OF the three volumes before me this week, the "Poems" of *Etta Blum* (New York: Golden Eagle Editions. $1.50) seems the best first book. It is a relief to find that the jacket bears no blurb concerning the author. *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse, Pagany,* and several other periodicals that feature verse are credited with having published some of the poems included. Those of the first part of the book are in the new poetic language that I find somewhat difficult. It is a bit attenuated. The first poem, for instance, deals with the power of the imagination but says also

We see this life through needle-eye,
it has no rim nor nadir yet
concentrated to the gaze
that prophecy may utter rise.

I simply cannot make much of that, however I turn it about before the eye of the mind. The author has sensitiveness to words and more felicity elsewhere, but "Blue-widely-eyes," "relentfully," and "Lips pink-shrewdly" are mannerisms she could well do without. "Ennui is a gray cat sleeping on a narrow fence" is better; but she believes

Words are neither ways
spiralling
nor secret goals. Incoherencies
make time a crystal
fathoming desire.

It is my own opinion that there has been far too much incoherency of late. It has gone hand in hand with preciosity, and a certain vague mysticism. But this writer is capable of fresh expression that has clarity also, as in "Where you are not," and "Meditation." Her section "Round About" is clear enough, and I like

Even the poorest Italians in Corona
persuade fondly
gardens in weary back-yards.

Also there is a peculiar humor in this section. The last section "Of All Dawns" has a number of original touches.

Awareness of you sleeping
prances through end-
lessness of steady streets.

The punctual bird
that sings bouquets of recollection
has not yet awakened.

It reminds me a little of the word-jugglery of *Maxwell Bodenheim,* by which he sometimes achieved entertaining effects. Miss Blum should go a good deal further than these first impromptus.

In "Polonaise Militaire" (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2) *Jewell Miller* has attempted something ambitious, which is to crystallize into verse the life and work of Frédéric François Chopin after his departure for Majorca with Madame Aurore Dudevant, "George Sand." She has written a poetic drama about him in various scenes. The drama is better than the verse. In fact the partially rhymed free verse is often bad. The author is even capable of the following line:

through which diaphanous half-forms
shine through

Both lack of craftsmanship and carelessness are at the bottom of this failure. Virginia Woolf has pointed out how, in spite of her extraordinary vigor and daring in "Aurora Leigh" Mrs. Browning was unable to cope properly, about half the time, with her intractable material. When Mrs. Pfaltz (who is Jewell Miller) has George Sand writing a lengthy letter to a friend concerning her own life with Chopin on Majorca, such a juxtaposition of lines occurs as

turning the rigors of this exotic place
to milestones on a pilgrimage of grace,
for truly this island intrigues me.

And a worse anticlimax could not be conceived. Nor would George Sand, we may be permitted to believe, ever have written such bad prose as the following, in the same letter:

Since elemental stimuli
are absolutely essential to any creative
function,
we find peculiar hazards at each junc-
tion
waiting to switch us off to a special track
from which there can be no evasion or
turning back,
while a thousand and one personal dan-
gers
groove the way to ultimate success!

Only the dramatic presentation and the historical interest can commend the book, though the latter part, and particularly the last moments of Chopin, find a more adequate interpretation in verse than there is in the greater part of the volume.

In "Tsceminicum: Snake River People" *Donald Burnie* writes an interesting introduction about the original Lewiston in Idaho called by the Indians Tsceminicum or "The Meeting Place." It lies at the junction of the Snake and Clearwater Rivers. The original Indians there were called the "Nimipu," or Nez Perce by the French Canadian explorers. To Tsceminicum first came Lewis and Clarke and later on, when the great immigration into the Oregon Territory was under way, immigrants came to the valleys of the Clearwater and the Snake. The author, in this little book of verse, tries to recapture the atmosphere of pioneer times and to picture the old settlers. "Some of the characters bear their true names, others are disguised for reasons best known to the author, and some are composites." The verse in the volume has no particular distinction and the portraits inevitably remind one of the manner of Spoon River."

PRESBYTERIAN PIRATE

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The New Books

(Continued from page 18)

matic and belligerent recital of what occurred from 1920 to the split from the American Federation of Labor in 1936 under the leadership of Lewis in organizing the "industrial unions" against the "craft unions." Lewis was a strong supporter of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, then turned to become a strong supporter of Roosevelt's National Industrial Recovery program. Indeed, from the beginning, he had argued that the coal industry could be stabilized for the mine workers as to wages and unemployment only through control by the federal government. This was bound to bring him eventually into conflict with the traditional policy of the American Federation of Labor as controlled by the craft unions. His was the largest of the industrial unions within the Federation, and, after several years of disorganization and expulsions of revolutionary local unions and leaders, it was the N.R.A. that enabled him to bring them all together in a single national union. When that act was held to be unconstitutional he turned to consolidarity with the other industrial unions on a policy of collective bargaining with the great corporations. The book, of course, does not come down to the later tryout of his industrial collective bargaining in the case of the General Motors Company.

J. R. C.

Fiction

LAUGHTER IN CHEYNE WALK. By Ursula Bloom. Lippincott. 1937. $2.

The McGarths lived in Cheyne Walk and were a very unusual family. Sir Ethelbert was a great scientist. Alianor, his wife, was a great novelist. The children were great, too, all except one; Holman was a great writer, Guinivere a great 'cellist, Roddy a great painter. Lesley, however, the youngest (affectionately referred to by the author as "the littlest of the McGarths"), did not even do well in school. Her family, always excepting Sir Ethelbert who died almost at once, were not pleased with her when she returned home from St. Maude's because she had no genius of any sort to develop. Furthermore, Lesley preferred an almost penniless bank clerk to a rich peer. Worst of all she was sentimental, she loved her family, she wanted to marry and have babies and to learn to cook. This was peculiarly distressing to the McGarths, who avoided any display of emotion, who were sensitive to clichés, and who were all very talented and bright. Lesley, then, had a trying time of it. But the author has loaded all the dice in her heroine's favor and the author never does things by halves. Guinivere, Holman, and Roddy, for all they were so great, had no talent for living and they all made completely disastrous marriages. Lesley, however, finally won through, married her true love, had a baby, and was perfectly happy.

The purpose of the novel, if it has one, appears to be a plea for more sentiment in the home, which, considering the average home, makes carrying coals to Newcastle seem a really useful occupation by comparison. The title is misleading, in that it is the absence of laughter in Cheyne Walk which seems to have so depressed the author, who writes with considerable fluency and dexterity and the minimum of thought.

C. H. M.

History

1825—THE FIRST RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By Anatole G. Mazour. University of California Press. 1937. $4.

This is a comprehensive, scholarly, and well written history of the short-lived military revolt that followed upon the death of Alexander I and is popularly known as the Decembrist uprising. The book embodies a brief account of Alexander I's erratic attempts at political and economic reform, a detailed discussion of the numerous and contradictory programs of the respective groups of Decembrists, and a biographical profile of the outstanding leaders of the revolt. Mr. Mazour was fortunate in having access to Czarist archives which have been published by the Soviet Government. In many instances the information thus revealed has compelled a new and wholly different interpretation of political events and literary biography. The author of the present volume makes much of his material, though he fails to change radically the established view of this very important episode in the century of struggle for freedom in Russia. The military revolt of December 14, 1825, in the Senate Square at St. Petersburg, was just an episode, or, to use Mr. Mazour's phrase, "a dress rehearsal," rather than a revolution. It contained no trace of the popular participation that must be a part of any revolution.

The book is well documented and should be invaluable to the American students of Russian history.

M. G.

International

HAIL CAESAR! By David Darrah. Hale, Cushman & Flint. 1936.

"Is he a great genius and leader or just a bully and an actor; a combination of Julius Caesar and Napoleon, a braggart base and venomous in pursuit of private animosities, or a Man of Providence, prescient, strong-willed, with a genius for governing?" Mr. Darrah, Rome correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* from 1927 to 1935, asks these questions concerning Mussolini. Though it is too soon for any conclusive answer, it seems likely that he is a little of each. What the growth of the Duce means to the millions who daily salute him, can only be surmised. Beneath the show of conformity the allegiances of the Italian people are necessarily divided. Behind the gesticulating ex-socialist from Forli, looms the white clad figure of the Pope. Though the Lateran Pacts of 1929 have established a state of peace between the Vatican and Rome, Catholicism and the principle of

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Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE HUSH-HUSH MURDERS *Margaret Tayler Yates* (Macmillan: $2.)	Murderer on rampage among officers and men of U. S. Army transport in Far Eastern waters finally stopped by clever nurse.	A new twist to nautical mysteries, with brave marines, obtuse officers, a Rooshian spyess, romance, and sockdolager ending.	Good
MURDER AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE *Elspeth Huxley* (Harpers: $2.)	Gov.-Gen. of British African colony strangled. C.I.D.-man Vachell and inquiring young gel get badly smashed before killer is quelled.	Novel background, with sinister native mumbo-jumbo spicing record of current and 20-year-old murders, and plenty action.	Excellent
THE CLUE OF THE FOURTEEN KEYS *Miles Burton* (Crime Club: $2.)	Sec't'ry of London "Witchcraft Club" fatally knifed. Cop sneaks drink and nearly dies — while Insp. Arnold's chief is among leading suspects!	With Arnold doing necessary spade word and Desmond Merrion supplying subtle deductive touches it moves gallantly to surprise climax.	First class
THEY FOUND HIM DEAD *Georgette Heyer* (Crime Club: $2.)	Mild-mannered Insp. Hannasyde, profiting by helpful hints of inept amateur sleuth, solves curious killings of British Uncle and nephew.	Gala performance by all-star troupe of hierophants—mixing mystery, murder, young love, octogenarian crabbedness, boyish banditry, and much else.	Delightful
THE ACCIDENT WARD MYSTERY *Rhoda Truax* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Bum slain outside hospital: surgeon ditto within. Insp. Sellbridge connects two murders and with medico's help solves case.	Disinfectant drenched atmosphere, dope-ring complications, odd and likable detective — and solution that stretches credulity a trifle.	Passes muster

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a totalitarian state remain as incompatible as ever.

The leaders of the opposition are dead, in exile, or in jail. Yet the growing popularity of individual members of his own party, too, is a perennial menace in the eyes of the Duce. Mussolini can remain in power only so long as the Italian government continues to be a one man show. Whether, like the beggar of the fable he will eat his host out of house and substance, or whether he will erect a new monument to himself and Rome among the shining mementoes of the Via del' Impero, remains to be seen.

B. B. T.

Miscellaneous

WILLIAM G. BROWNLOW. By E. Merton Coulter. University of North Carolina Press. 1937. $3.50.

Parson Brownlow strove mightily for Methodism, for the Union, and for the Radical Republicans. From them he won praise and support and position. Presbyterians hated him, Rebels cursed him, Conservatives feared him. His was East Tennessee: Memphis, Nashville, and Chattanooga were ugly, Knoxville smiled on him. Today, except for scholars, he is forgotten. Professor Coulter has not, fortunately, been so foolish or so ghoulish as to resurrect him: this biography, this ghost of vituperation and fanaticism and righteousness gone awry, is terrifying enough.

William Gannaway Brownlow was born in the valleys of Southern Appalachia in 1805. In 1826 he started riding circuit for the Methodists. Ten years later his practice with epithets gave him just the journalistic style his East Tennessee neighbors would pay to read. The Knoxville *Whig* remained an effective instrument for his causes and campaigns until he died in 1877. He used strength and talents against personal and religious and political enemies, he worshiped Clay and abhorred Jackson, the Abolitionists knew and felt his wrath. His environment, his class, his enemies kept him a staunch Unionist; and though he suffered temporarily for the right, his rewards were the governorship and a seat in the United States Senate. His dictatorial powers as governor he kept only with the help of the Radical Reconstructionists; as Senator he did little worth remembering. That is professor Coulter's portrait, and it seems exact. When the Parson sinks again into the oblivion reserved for the flashily notorious, the biography will still be important for its studies of Southern Methodism, Tennessee politics, Civil War hysteria, and Reconstruction abuses.

D. B.

Science

THE SOUL OF THE WHITE ANT. By Eugène Marais. Dodd, Mead. 1937. $2.50.

For fecundity there is nothing to equal the queen termite, which lays an egg every two seconds, or fifty thousand a day, for weeks and perhaps months on end. From her legions of workers and soldiers there develops the termitary the very size of which is amazing, some of these sand piles exceeding ten thousand tons of earth.

Marais, fascinated by their mysteries, spent many years studying the termitaries of South Africa. Mysteries there are a-plenty, but the solution of them is another matter. It is unfortunate that this observer, equipped with unbounded patience and enthusiasm, brought to his task a most inadequate training in biology and an unlimited credulity. His policy is to clarify any unfamiliar phenomenon in the termite by making an analogy to the organization of the human body, of which he has no sound knowledge. Once an analogy is drawn the mystery is solved, or if this recourse fails, he resorts to other analogies, scarcely less mysterious. Thus, he believes that musk gives off odor for years without any loss in weight; therefore scent is a vibration in the ether. By such vibrations the queen termite controls her brood; her pismire becomes ineffective at a distance of a few hundred feet, yet it can penetrate the thickest obtainable galvanized iron plates. From the queen's vibrations he reasons on to psyche and soul, to mother love (which could not exist without the pain of childbirth), and to the influence of the earth's magnetism upon the orientation of the burrows deep in the bowels of the earth. The book is so charged with errors in physics, chemistry, physiology, and biology that one hesitates to credit the author's interpretations of termite life.

Students of primate psychology will be interested in the phenomenon, which he incidentally describes, of epidemics of "learning" among the baboons, whereby half of South Africa is periodically despoiled by the rapid spread of some newly learned, mischievous trick, such as tearing open sucking lambs in order to drink the milk in their bellies.

H. W. S.

Travel

ALLAH DETHRONED: A JOURNEY THROUGH MODERN TURKEY. By Lilo Linke. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $5.

The chief disadvantage of traveling with very little money is that one's vision must usually be partial, a worm's-eye view scarcely better than that afforded by a luxury trip. But Lilo Linke, buying her way with charm and courage, has managed to see Turkey as a whole, the more remarkable since women in that country are still considered rather as trinkets behind a veil. Miss Linke was welcomed by those who are molding the renascent Turkey; she traveled by lorry among wild Kurds, by freighter and donkey and the ambitious "Simeryol" Railroad to visit all that is representative of this new old land . . . the textile "Kombinat," with its kindergarten where the youngsters are trained as future workers, the tobacco and wheat plantations, the coöperative clubs of the Halk Evi, the vast districts already purged of malaria and trachome. And she became thus confident with the people that their President, Kamal Atatürk, will within a few years fulfill his extravagant promises to them: ignorance and poverty and caste must at last be exterminated with the Anopheles.

Allah has been dethroned, and in his place stands the "Gazi" Atatürk, speaking Turkish now, not the ancient Arabic, wearing conventional clothes, not the fez of religious separatism, grasping like a god all that seems good in other lands, educational models from Russia, engineers from Germany, cotton from America, to absorb them all into his intensely nationalistic Republic . . . driving them into the wilderness of Anatolia as far as possible from conservative Istambul. Even his capital, Ankara, he has built on a virgin plain.

Miss Linke has documented this survey with authoritative footnotes, a map, many photographs, and three appendices. Her book is of unquestionable value sociologically, but the delight of it is in her personal experiences. She is no stodgy investigator pushing open doors with a cane, but an attractive German girl, anti-Nazi, with the quick tenderness of her earlier books here shown by incidents which she has had the wisdom, not the conceit, to include; her catching of glowworms to light the black cells of prisoners, there being no other light at hand, and the idyl of little Tewfik, the Turkish lieutenant, who loved her. She is a thoughtful traveler, and a very gracious one.

H. D.

The story Homer left untold!

A Trojan Ending

by LAURA RIDING

WOULD HELEN have done it again? Was there ever a scheming business man to match Odysseus, or a playboy to equal Paris? What happened in the great Trojan War that Homer left untold? This novel is a beautifully inspired recreation of antiquity's golden age. It makes men and women out of such famous names as Achilles, Hector, Priam, Cressida, Agamemnon, Nestor, Menelaus and many others.

WILFRED GIBSON (*Manchester Guardian*) says: "I read it with absorbed interest, thrilled by the lucid beauty of Miss Riding's prose. The fire of the creative imagination has kindled the ancient theme to new and vivid life, and the writing throughout, never fanciful or flamboyant, is charged with poetry. *A Trojan Ending* is something of a triumph; and this publishing season will indeed be a fortunate one if it produces anything else of an equal distinction."

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

SUBSTITUTE QUERCUS, on a recent visit to the West, found himself with several hours to spare between trains in St. Louis, and wandering aimlessly through the streets as visitors will, was suddenly confronted by the public library. An ample edifice, with an aged cathedral snuggling behind it, and itself looking across a green and pleasant oasis to the noble buildings that are rising to frame the new municipal center, it offered enticing relief from the warm sunshine without. S. Q. entered its hospitable portals, and before long fell into converse with its research assistant Miss Dowd, and its head, Mr. Compton, like all true bibliophiles generous of their time and information. The warmth of the afternoon had evidently rendered St. Louisans sluggish to books, and Miss Dowd deserted her desk to show S. Q. the glory of her building, its architectural collection housed behind glass in a lofty room that reproduced an English baronial library and boasted a handsome stone fireplace. Magnificent volumes filled the shelves, and a delightful languor enrapt the place and induced to leisurely study. S. Q. wondered whether many cities could produce such dignified seclusion for scholarly readers. ☞Pursuing his travels and his literary investigations, S. Q. paid a visit to the library in Salt Lake City, where an ample supply of small portable stepladders made it possible to settle down in comfort before the shelves and study their contents. All the old favorites were there, and in addition a goodly array of volumes on the Mormons, their history, and religion of the Latter Day Saints, as well as a numerous collection of books on mining and geology, mining journals, etc. . . . In Salt Lake City, too, S. Q. visited the Deseret Bookshop, where evidently his Alma Mater had recently sent a representative, for an entire window was given over to display of the "Columbia Encyclopedia," looking very familiar and homelike despite its distance from the university press. . . . It was in Salt Lake, too, that S. Q. found books as it were lending an edge to appetite in the Zion Coöperative Mercantile Association store where they flanked the side of the lunch room, and served as a means of diverting the impatience of hungry shoppers who waited their turn for place at the crowded tables. An admirable location for a book department, for surely some of the many who idly handled the volumes must have been lured into acquiring them. ☞From Salt Lake City south to the Grand Canyon S. Q. buried himself in pamphlet literature, road maps, hotel folders, and those excellent booklets which the rangers at the National Parks hand out to the traveller. Here is a literature whose merits deserve notice and that gets all too little recognition. Yet there is sound science and much interesting information tucked away into these leaflets that describe the glories of Zion and Bryce and Grand Canyons, the Petrified Forest, and the Painted Desert. Substitute Quercus has saved them all and given them a special niche in his library. ☞Talking of libraries, S. Q. still wishes he had had time to visit the public library, quartered in a spacious, comfortable looking house, which he passed at Panguitch, Utah. If he had known in time that he was going to have a flat tire a little beyond it, he would have stopped in to see it. ☞At Santa Fe S. Q. spent some little time examining the well-selected and charmingly displayed shelves of the Villagra bookshop and held conversation with its custodian who had once served on the staff of the *New Yorker*. It delighted S. Q., who had discovered during the course of travel how convenient they are to tuck into suitcases, to find so large a collection of Modern Library volumes in the bookshop. . . . And it pleased him mightily, too, to find that Bishop's Lodge, about four miles out of Santa Fe, a dude ranch clinging to a mountain side where he spent the night, was the site of Miss Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. ☞At Bishop's Lodge S. Q. encountered Lenore Marshall, who had just that day received from Macmillan's the first proofs of her forthcoming novel *The Hall of Mirrors*. S. Q., who has so far only dipped into it, looks forward to reading the book, liking what he has seen of its subtle intuition and sympathy.

☞The Querci were filled with grief this week to learn of the death of Edmund Lester Pearson whose ready knowledge, kindness, and genial pen had so often stood the *SR* in good stead. Mr. Pearson was perhaps best known to the world at large for his critical and analytical investigations into famous crime and criminals of the United States and for the books in which he chronicled these *causes celèbres*. Not many weeks ago appeared the latest in his studies of the sort, the bizarre history of the notorious Lizzie Borden case. Crime was his hobby, but it was only one of the many interests that this genial bibliophile pursued. For years Mr. Pearson was editor of publications at the New York Public Library; his was an erudition that was vast and quick for the assistance of those who desired help, and a wit that leavened his learning. . . . Another of its contributors whom the *SR* mourns this week is A. V. Williams Jackson, professor-emeritus of Indo-Iranian languages at Columbia University, who during the years of its existence except under greatest pressure of work never said nay to a request from *The Saturday Review* for criticism. Professor Jackson's scholarship was profound, but it was surpassed by the modesty with which he wore it. Some of the most charming and courteous notes that ever came to the editorial desk were from his graceful pen. . . .

☞The Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Award for the best manuscript on political or economic phases of American life is offered for the second time. Judges of the contest are Dr. Harold W. Dodds, Dr. Harold G. Moulton, Roscoe Pound, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, and Henry S. Canby.

PERSONALS

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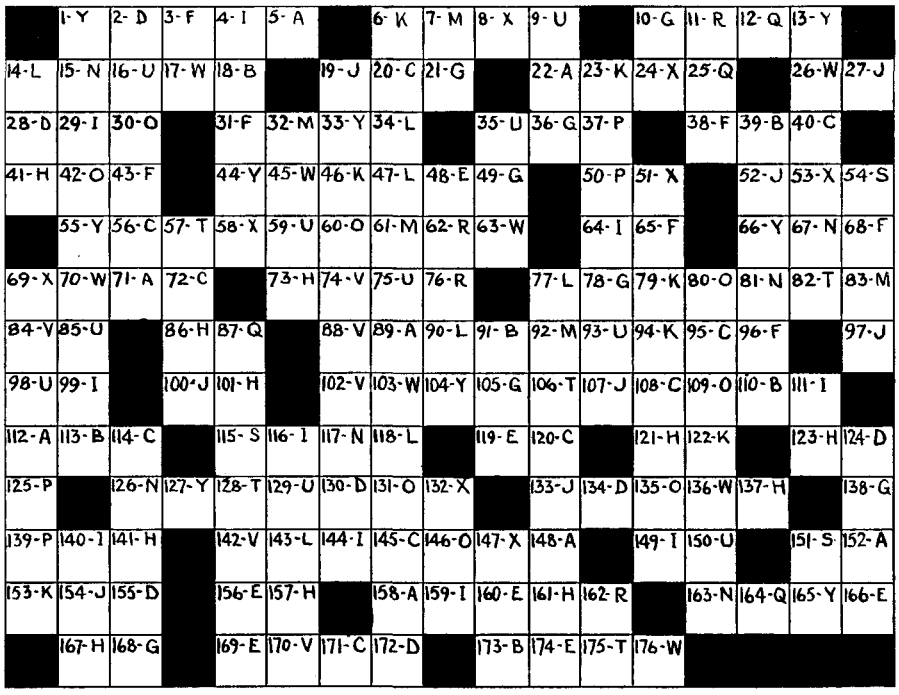
Double-Crostics: No. 177

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Kind of melon.

B. Character in "The Tempest."

C. A cursory reading (comp.).

D. Title of Schumann's third Symphony.

E. Self-identity.

F. Radiate, shine forth.

G. Struggle for supremacy (3 wds.).

H. Picaresque novel by Thackeray (1844) (2 wds.).

I. Wandering alone.

J. Shakespearean and Chaucer interpreter (1730-'86).

K. Mythological Greek hero.

L. Blanches.

M. Uncanny.

N. Supposes.

O. Like a hare.

P. Whit.

Q. English political party.

R. Bacchanal rite.

S. Welsh-English river Wordsworth loved.

T. Attractively stylish (slang).

U. Happening by chance.

V. Functionless.

W. Assuasive.

X. Prose tale by Longfellow (1849).

Y. Confounded.

WORDS

89 152 71 5 112 148 158 22

91 173 39 110 18 113

56 114 95 145 108 40 120 171 72 20

172 2 28 124 130 155 134

156 166 48 160 174 119 169

3 65 38 43 31 96 68

49 36 10 21 168 138 78 105

86 123 137 161 41 141 73 101 121 167 157

144 64 140 29 159 116 111 149 99 4

52 97 154 19 27 100 133 107

122 23 6 94 79 153 46

90 77 47 118 34 143 14

83 61 92 32 7

15 126 81 117 67 163

60 135 80 42 30 109 131 146

125 50 139 37

164 12 25 87

11 76 62 162

115 151 54

82 57 175 128 106

150 35 9 93 16 59 129 98 75 85

74 88 142 170 84 102

17 63 45 70 26 136 103 176

69 147 58 8 51 24 132 53

66 1 127 55 104 33 44 165 13

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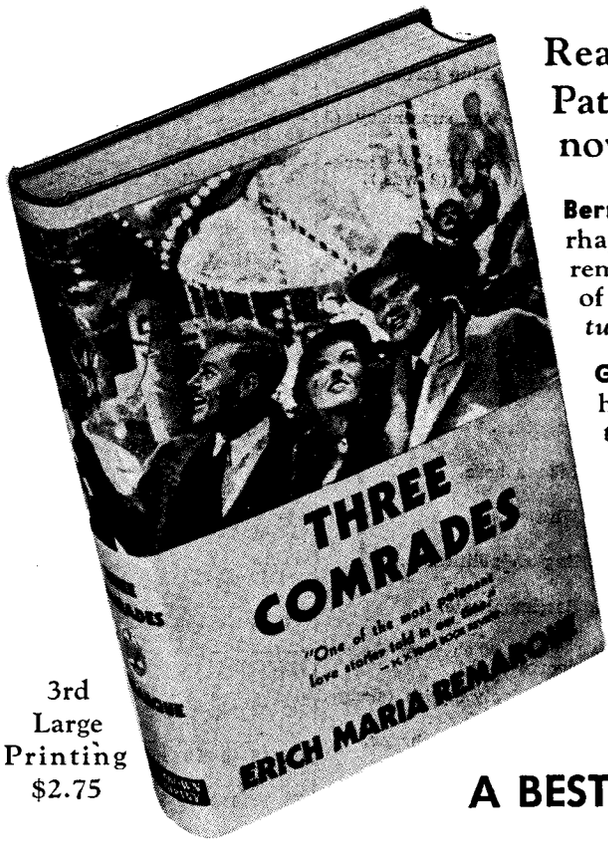

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